

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED CHICAGO NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—CLASS DAY AT VASSAR COLLEGE—BURYING THE RECORDS UNDER THE CLASS TREE.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 295.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1888.

TARIFF REVISION BY REPUBLICANS.

WHILE we have freely criticised the hostility of the Democratic party to the principle of protection, we by no means approve the do-nothing policy of the Republicans in the matter of tariff revision. On the contrary, we have repeatedly declared that, as a means of reducing the surplus revenue, a just and proper reduction of duties on imports and the total removal of certain internal taxes are imperative requirements of our financial situation.

The leaders of the Republican party, in Convention and in Congress, will be no longer excusable if they shall fail to take action in the direction of a revision by their own party of the existing systems of taxation. The Tariff and Internal Revenue Acts which they themselves created can be best improved and amended by them. That revision is necessary is proven by the fact that more revenue is received under the existing rates of duties and taxes than is needed by the Government. For the further increase of a useless surplus there is no possible excuse or defense.

How can the taxation of war times be reduced? First, it would be well to relieve from the burden of taxation whatever our own people wholly produce, before we wipe out the duties upon what other nations produce. Hence tobacco, which, because of its almost universal use, has become a seeming necessity, should be no longer taxed, since such tax falls upon our own producers and consumers. Every other internal tax is a discrimination against home production. But the tax on whisky can be defended on the ground that it is not only a luxury, but a pernicious luxury. To tax the vices of men is a sound principle, and hence the State is under no obligation to reduce the cost of what citizens are better off without.

As the present Tariff Act originated with a Republican Tariff Commission and was passed by a Republican Congress, its makers would seem to be most capable of amending it wisely, by keeping in view the same purposes which guided them in framing it. Hence its salutary protective features should be preserved, and it should be amended, as it was framed, in the light of certain guiding principles. Obvious inequalities can be removed with clear advantage to importers and consumers. Many articles made dutiable without affording any revenue can be transferred to the free list. Reductions in duties on many articles can be made without detriment to any domestic manufacturers. In the interest of consumers, lower duties can be marked on many imports that we do not ourselves produce. By keeping ever in view the principle and the purpose of protection, duties may be cut down, without harm or injury to any American interest, on whole lines of merchandise. The article of sugar, which from childhood to old age is of such universal use as to become one of the chief necessities of life, must sooner or later cease to be subject to an import tax. As every man, woman and child is a consumer of sugar, all will be benefited by having it placed on the free list. But extreme or radical changes in the tariff should not be made too abruptly or suddenly. A lowering of the sugar duty to one-half what it now is would perhaps be a long step in the right direction at any one time.

Especially does the tariff need simplification in the interest of those who administer it and those who import goods, wares and merchandise under it. To execute the Act now in force appears to be almost beyond the capacity of the present Secretary of the Treasury and his Collector of Customs at the Port of New York.

It will not do for the Republicans in Congress to oppose the Mills Bill, and thus defeat its passage, without offering something better as a substitute for it. Obstructing all tariff legislation does not meet the requirements of the present hour. Affirmative tariff-reform legislation is what the people now demand, and will have. Changed conditions in time of peace require modified taxation and less burdensome exactions. There must be an adaptation of our tariff and internal tax laws to the existing environments and exigencies of trade and commerce. President Garfield and President Arthur both pointed out the lines along which tariff revision could proceed. Senator Sherman, Representative McKinley, and other eminent leaders of the Republican party, have declared themselves in favor of the reduction of internal taxes and like reforms. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Convention at Chicago will utter no uncertain sound, and that Republicans in Congress and everywhere will urge tax reduction and tariff revision in the interest of our whole country. The present success and ultimate salvation of the Republican party depend upon its action on this urgent question, at the right time and in the right direction.

UNCONSCIOUS CRIME.

CVILIZED society seems to be brought face to face with a new peril. It is alleged by the devotees of psychic research that mesmerizers can use their "subjects" or "sensitives" as unconscious agents in the

commission of crime; and it is reported from France that a young girl was recently mesmerized by her lover, who had grown tired of her, and was compelled by him to go twenty miles away and commit suicide. If there is any truth in this cabled allegation, it is difficult to exaggerate the new menace thus offered to society.

It is now generally conceded by physicians and scientific experts that the hypnotic influence—whatever it is—really exists, and in the famous Hospital Salpêtrière, of Paris, Dr. Charcot has set up a school for its application to surgery as an anæsthetic. Cancers have been removed and amputations have taken place where patients have been rendered perfectly insentient by mesmerism.

Experts declare that these hypnotized responsiveness can be induced to commit offenses of a character not very difficult, such as arson and simple theft, without the slightest hesitation, and that forgery and even burglary can be added in cases where the control is so complete as to make possible elaborate mental combinations and persistent continuity of purpose. In such a case the responsive, being an unconscious accessory, would be doubtless held innocent under the law, and responsibility would fall on the mesmerizing principal—if he could be found. But if his control of the agent is so thorough as this would imply, it ought to enable him to prevent his disclosure of the name of his prompter. At any rate, the possibility of both law and equity being violated by persons apparently in a normal state of mind who are really in a condition of somnambulistic coma is sufficiently alarming to suggest to all neurologists and pathologists the necessity of defining its character and fixing its limitations.

Are we about entering upon an era of intellectual discovery?

HOW TO WRITE HISTORY.

HON. GEORGE BANCROFT has lately made a public utterance to the effect that all the history of the world has yet to be rewritten from an American point of view. Mr. Bancroft is a great scholar, and he has spent a large part of his long life in writing and rewriting the history of the United States. It is to be supposed that he has given a great deal of thought to the subject of history and the methods to be adopted by the historian; but his plan for Americanizing the history of other countries is certain, if adopted, to make confusion worse confounded.

The vicious principle in every history is partiality. The writer who earnestly seeks for the truth is obliged to be on his guard against his authorities, to scan and to weigh every statement and to suspect a color in the narrative. The historian has his national feelings and his prejudices, and these influence him in spite of himself. No fair-minded person could think for a moment of accepting an English history of France or of Spain, countries so long the dreaded rivals and enemies of England, because the Englishman writes from an English point of view, and cannot, if he would, treat his enemies with impartiality. It is the same with the history of epochs in English annals. One writer is a partisan of the Stuarts, and cannot tell the plain truth about the Parliament, while another darkens every shadow and blurs every light in the picture of the Royalists. This characteristic runs through all histories, ancient as well as modern. Grote, undertaking to write the history of Greece, takes sides with the democratic party in the Greek States, just as Mitford had made himself the apologist of the aristocrats. National hatred, party prejudice, partisanship, are so constantly at work in the historian's mind, that the reader has always to criticise and compare and reject for himself.

Would the history of Rome, or the history of Spain, or the history of Russia, written from an American point of view, be in any way an approach to a true history? If the writer set himself to work to find in any one of those countries the ideas which he conceived to be American, who can doubt that he would find them, or persuade himself that he had found them? Would he be writing history if he deceived himself and his readers in this way?

The one right temper of mind for the historian is the impartial one. He should be neither English nor French, nor German nor American, but a fair-minded judge of the men and the events. No one nation has had all the political wisdom or all the genius. The great qualities and the great men, as well as the selfishness and the weakness, belong to the race, not to this or that people; and the effort of the race has been in the direction of progress. To write history from an American point of view would be like drawing, or like casting the lead, from an American point of view.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF RACE LINES.

IT is undoubtedly true that the race issues at the South have been much distorted by political agitators. Nevertheless, issues based upon them still exist and not infrequently prove active factors in Southern life. That the National Government can apply a panacea is an exploded superstition. The South must solve her own problems, and, as Mr. Stephen B. Elkins sensibly said in a recent address at the University of West Virginia, "The true solution of this question will come when both races divide on economic and industrial questions, and distribute themselves between the two great parties." Race conflict in the South is necessarily unequal and can

have but one result. Its evils have been freely recognized on both sides, and with the subsidence of war passions, the development of new industries, and the introduction of new political questions, race feeling has become a less powerful factor, and a solid white vote or a solid black vote is no longer to be counted upon as a certainty. For example, a division of races on the Prohibition question occurred in Georgia. There have been similar divisions in Virginia, but Virginia politics are peculiar to that State. In several municipal elections, notably in New Orleans, where there has been a fight for clean government irrespective of party, the voters have divided on the principle at issue, not on the race question. In the same city it is worthy of note that several colored policemen have been appointed by the Mayor and promptly confirmed by the Council, while General Beauregard, Commissioner of Public Works, has given places to a large number of colored men. This in itself may seem unimportant, but taken in connection with similar action elsewhere, it goes to show that the breaking up of the race line which Mr. Elkins alludes to has already begun. The development of manufacturing interests in the "New South" will probably be followed by divisions on the issues of protection and free trade, as Mr. Elkins and other Republican leaders hope, and the temperance and other questions will put white and colored voters side by side. In the North, Mr. Thomas Fortune, a colored editor, follows Mr. Cleveland on the issue of tariff reform, and colored Democrats are likely to be not uncommon at the South.

In the North, the campaign of 1884 witnessed some division of a race supposed to be always solidly Democratic. A part of the Irish vote went to Mr. Blaine, and the indications are that the Republican candidate this year will receive some Irish votes. The German vote, once regarded as Republican, has been divided by the questions of temperance legislation and, to a minor extent, of tariff reform. These divisions are encouraging. It is on serious political and economic questions that divisions should be made, and not from the mere fact of race. A "solid vote" of this sort is apt to be unintelligent, and therefore dangerous. But the danger does not seem immediate when we find Colored Democratic Leagues in New Orleans and Irish Anti-Cleveland Leagues in New York. It must be said, however, that class division, as well as race division, has come to be a source of menace in the North. There is danger in the growing antagonism between the very rich and the very poor. Manual and technical education will help to cure the evil, but the question remains an intricate one.

THE GROWTH OF THE EPISCOPALIANS.

WHEN an observer who is entirely free from sectarian bias finds one religious denomination increasing much more rapidly than others, he naturally infers either the presence in that denomination of peculiar intrinsic merit or peculiar ability in enlisting popular attention. It appears to be a fact, according to statistics furnished by the *Evening Post*, that the Episcopalians are the only one among the Protestant Churches of New York which has kept up in its increase with the recent growth of the population of the city. An increase from a membership of 19,650 in 1872 to one of 33,903 in 1887 is noted for this denomination, while the next in size, the Presbyterian, can show for the same time only an increase from 18,773 to 23,016. Of the total gain in Protestant membership during the last five years, four-fifths was in the Episcopal Church alone. The rest of the Churches, especially the Baptists and Methodists, were practically at a standstill. Observation has shown, moreover, that of all the Protestant churches in New York, the Episcopalians are the only ones which are usually filled.

For these facts, which are stated entirely without prejudice, it is more easy to find explanations than for the curious increase of the Baptist Church in Boston. So far as New York is concerned, the Episcopalians have the benefit of historical influence and prestige, elements also powerful in Philadelphia and Baltimore. The early foundation and rich endowments of Trinity Church have certainly been an inestimable aid to the denomination. It would be unfair to assume that expediency and fashion have had much to do with Episcopal success. The position always held by this Church in New York has been helpful, but it does not explain the remarkable gain of the last twenty years. The Church has been fortunate in its leaders. Its policy has been liberal, and it has allowed large freedom of belief and worship, provided there was no violation of essential principles. There have been few or no exhibitions of narrowness and intolerance. Again, such examples of systematic and active parish and charitable work as have been furnished by the Church of the Holy Communion, St. George's and Trinity are calculated to induce a feeling of confidence in the practical character of the Christianity taught from the pulpits, and to enlist sympathetic interest. There remain two points, and upon one, the character of the service, most observers will lay great stress, as we think, with propriety. It may be a sign of decadence, but few of us preserve much of the fortitude shown by our fathers in listening to long sermons. Few of us are indifferent to an appeal to the feelings as well as the intellect, and there are few who do not prefer to feel themselves actual instead of nominal participants in the Church service. The man who liked the Episcopal service because he could "talk back" has many sympathizers. The service is diversified, it is shared in by every one, and the robing and mere formalism are certainly suitable and calculated to produce at least a feeling of respect. The Roman Catholic Church has carried its appeal to the senses to the furthest lengths, and its success is undoubtedly partly due to its concrete presentation. The extreme High Churchmen may go too far, but the advantages of a ritualistic service have received a curious confirmation by the adoption of robes and responses in many churches of other denominations.

Another point of vantage for the Episcopalians is their spirit of liberality, which induces fraternity with other Churches. Nothing could be more out of keeping with the traditional Episcopalian conservatism than "revival meetings," yet old Trinity was opened for such meetings last year, and Episcopal clergymen led the work. They were among the first in the recent effort for thorough evangelical work in Brooklyn, for a union of clergymen in practical

work to bring people within Church influence without regard to creeds. It is this sort of practical Christianity which tells with the average man.

IMAGES IN A SCOTCH CHURCH.

ST. GILES CATHEDRAL, Edinburgh, which was partially demolished during the Reformation period in Scotland, has been recently restored and made to look as much as possible like the old historic church, before the iconoclastic hands of the Scotch Reformers had rudely stripped it of its adornments. Among the decorations which have been restored are images, which have moved the ire of many Presbyterians, the subject having been brought to the notice of the General Assembly of the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland in the form of a petition. The debate regarding it was acrimonious. Professor Story, of Glasgow University, said that no one out of Bedlam would suppose that the images were restored for idolatrous purposes, but that he would leave to the petitioners the freedom of their opinions, which he thought interesting, like a cromlech or a dodo, as relics of a bygone age. Dr. Thompson, who favored the petition, declared that he could not enter the cathedral to worship without first exculpating himself in prayer before God, because he felt it was a house of idols. The petition was rejected by a large majority.

It is quite safe to say that such a petition presented about a score of years ago in the General Assembly of the Established Church would have been carried by an overwhelming majority. Public opinion, however, has undergone a great change in Scotland within recent years relative to religious rituals, church decorations and other features of worship and sacred architecture, formerly abhorred as distinctive of Episcopacy and Roman Catholicism. Now, it is generally admitted that the Scotch Reformers went too far when, in their zeal to destroy the old faith, they ruined religious edifices, whose very aspect was calculated to evoke reverent feeling.

It does not require a great exercise of the imagination to divine what Jenny Geddes would do were she re clothed in flesh and blood and placed in the restored cathedral, where a few centuries ago she displayed so much zeal. As at that time she did not hesitate to cast a stool at a live archbishop, it is not assuming too much to suppose that she would not be loath to cast it at a restored St. Andrew, St. Giles, or even at the image of the Madonna.

THE DIFFICULTY OF TEACHING FARMING.

WHY is it so difficult to get students in agriculture, horticulture and forestry? This is a question often discussed by agricultural professors and educators. As bearing upon the subject, the fact is cited that the Illinois University, after being founded professedly as an agricultural college, was obliged first to subordinate practical agriculture to the classical course; then to drop the name "Industrial" lest it should be mistaken for a penal institution; and finally to slip so far away from its original design that it frequently has but two or three students pursuing the agricultural course. At Purdue University, in a recent term, out of two hundred students only two sophomores and nine freshmen pursued the agricultural course. These facts are the outcome of an unquestionable belief which widely prevails both among farmers and students that practical agriculture, horticulture and forestry cannot be taught in these colleges.

As this is a question of supreme importance, let us look at it on both sides, critically and fairly. It is a well-known fact in real life that every man who is master of a practical art connected with the production of wealth will find it far more profitable to practice the art than to teach it. A successful merchant could never afford to teach bookkeeping. A great refiner of petroleum oils could not accept the paltry salary which even Yale or Harvard could afford to pay to a teacher of the art of refining oils. Even a good baseball-player will draw a higher salary in the practice of his calling than the best college president commands for his services. So one who knows how to farm at a real profit to himself and to the world cannot afford to stop farming in order to teach the art, and very likely would make a poor teacher, after the first half-hour, if he did. One reason for this is that an art is not reducible to principles that can be taught if each person that succeeds in it succeeds by different means, under different conditions and on precisely opposite methods to those on which others succeed. One farmer succeeds by exhausting his soil, another by replenishing it; one by abundant seed, another by thin seed-planting; one by underdrainage, another by saving wages and avoiding expenditure; one by rotation of crops, and another by letting land lie fallow, and another by continuous cropping of the same land to the same product.

It is as in business: one man will succeed by giving many and long credits, another by paying and demanding cash down; one by being curt and gruff, another by being suave and polite, and so on. What it is wise for a business man to do depends on his own immediate exigencies, and a teacher can never follow the myriad forms of business into these practical exigencies. Hence, the teaching of agriculture, like the teaching of any other practical art, is beset by two insuperable difficulties at the start, viz.: First, good farmers will not and cannot teach, and the teaching of men who are not themselves good farmers cannot be good teaching, for a bad farmer cannot teach good farming; second, the arts and the judgment that comprise good farming vary in some degree with every farm and with every farmer, and hence are not reducible to teachable principles.

It will be said that this argument applies equally to military, mining and engineering, medical, surgical, legal and technological schools. It is true, in most of these, except the medical and legal, that the best masters of the art cannot be induced to teach it; but the teaching of such masters as can be got is found to be far better than none. It is possible that agricultural schools, so far from calling for a lower order of culture and talent than students generally aspire to, really call for a far broader range of attainment than teachers can be found to possess at the salaries offered. Successful farming also cannot be taught or understood except by one surrounded by its actual exigencies. "How would you care for a flock of sheep in a Montana snowstorm?" is a question that Plato himself could not answer intelligently at Ithaca or at Purdue. It could only be met in Montana, by the sheep-grower himself.

The developments of history are remarkable. An Irish scholar now comes forward with the information that "St. Brandon, a native of County Kerry, Ireland, who founded many monasteries, discovered America in the year 463, and made three successful voyages which are still recorded in the archives of Kerry." Shall we yet have to change the name of our continent to Brandonia?

The saloon-keepers have placed a boycott on the authorities of Chicago because they have ventured to rebel. The Board of Aldermen, without taking the precaution to consult their masters, passed an ordinance forbidding all retail liquor shops in the immediate

vicinity of churches and schools. Hence the boycott and anathema of the lawmakers in their official chairs and their private homes, at business and at table, in their boots and in their beds. How the fantastic battle will terminate is matter for dim conjecture at this distance; but it would seem prudent for the liquor-sellers of the Prairie City to lie low, practice discretion, and sedulously avoid a conflict with the people, who are even more numerous than saloon-keepers, and perhaps more powerful.

Out of six prize scholarships recently awarded at Cornell, three were earned by women. These scholarships were bestowed for proficiency in branches of learning as dissimilar as architecture, botany and mathematics. The fact is to be commended to those who would confine women to *belles lettres* and the lighter studies, or deny their fitness for any form of the higher education. But such allegations can hardly be considered arguments after the brilliant intellectual performances of women at Columbia and the Harvard Annex, or at Girton and elsewhere.

DURING the last fortnight two contracts are reported to have been let, which, when executed, will add to the world's civil engineering two stupendous and novel structures. One is for the Arcade Rapid Road under Broadway, enabling express trains to fly from the Harlem River to the Battery under an aerial colonnade sustaining the present wagon-way; and the other is for the Eads Ship-railway across the Isthmus, over which the largest vessels on the sea will rumble and trundle on wheels across the divide between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific. Both are magnificent enterprises with which to celebrate the dawning of the twentieth century.

GOVERNOR HILL has accepted the inevitable. He has abandoned the idea that he is a bigger man than President Cleveland, and that he could make his way in politics without the help of Mr. Cleveland's friends; and whereas he has been unable for three years past to find anything to commend in the occupant of the White House, he now eulogizes him as wise, honest and sincere—a very paragon of excellence. In an address at the Tammany ratification meeting, the other evening, he pledged his support to the St. Louis ticket with a vehemence which scarcely any other speaker matched, and he did it, too, without a single contortion of countenance. Evidently the Governor doesn't propose to miss a renomination, if unlimited indulgence in humble pie can secure it.

THE REV. D. T. TORREY is one of the young clergymen whom the Prudential Committee of the American Board refused to send out as a missionary to the East because he did not entertain their views in regard to the future probation of the heathen who die without knowledge of the Gospel. Yet Mr. Torrey was recently ordained as acting pastor of the Harvard Congregational Church in Dorchester, Mass. The amount of the opposition was indicated by the fact that two votes were cast at the Council meeting against his ordination and thirty-eight in favor. Mr. Torrey has retracted nothing, and his present position is such that he must compel the Board sooner or later to shift its ground. It is also worthy of notice that the vacancy in the Andover Board of Visitors made by the death of Dr. Enstis has been filled by the election of Dr. G. L. Walker, who at Springfield directly opposed the ultra conservatives.

We cherish two distinct hopes concerning the political canvass upon whose frontiers we linger this week. First, that it is not to be a campaign of slander and indecency; and second, that it is not to be a campaign of meretricious or imbecile methods. Thurman is a man of remarkable ability, great public service and high personal character, and it is puerile and disgusting to attempt to promote his popularity by raising as a battle-flag the handkerchief which he uses to blow his nose when that organ requires attention, even when an excessive use of snuff increases the necessity of its employment. Harrison's log-cabin, Clay's humble implements as "the Mill-boy of the Slashes," Banks's bobbin, Henry Wilson's lapstone and Lincoln's split rail all possessed some elements of possible romance and even a suggestion of heroism; but it is inconceivable that any sentiment of enthusiasm can be inspired by the circumstance that Mr. Thurman blows his tempestuous nose with a red tablecloth.

It is almost a pity that the "Suicide Club" described in the *Sun* cannot be taken seriously, for it would help to give New York a reputation equal to that of Boston as a city of strange and wonderful *coteries*. We have heard tales of "Suicide Clubs" abroad whose members were pledged to the study of the means of self-destruction and advocacy of its eminent propriety. But the humorous philosopher who describes the proposed club with considerable imaginative effort explains its purpose as the discouragement of suicide. At the *symposium* despondent members are to hold forth upon the advantages of suicide, but they will be squelched by others who will advance statistics and arguments to prove that nobody but dunces and idiots ever think of self-destruction. These arguments are to be fortified with potations which will continue until the despondent brethren are convinced that this is the jolliest of all possible worlds. As to what they may think on waking the next morning, the humorous philosopher has nothing to say.

The mendacity of the average partisan newspaper is well illustrated by the comments of some Democratic and Mugwump journals concerning the Presidential candidacy of Governor Alger of Michigan. So far as has ever appeared, Governor Alger is an upright, cleanly and high-toned gentleman who has never employed other than honorable methods in his political career. But he is rich, and now it suits the mud-slingers to charge that he is trying to buy the nomination at Chicago—that he is corrupting delegates, suborning newspapers, etc.; while in fact there is not the slightest proof that he has done, or has ever contemplated doing, any of the things alleged against him. This readiness to disparage an opponent for partisan ends is as cruel as it is unmanly, and it is high time that an example should be made of some of the offenders. A man is not necessarily a scoundrel because he is rich, nor is there any reason why such an one should not aspire to public office; and where this is done, simple justice demands that the aspirant should be treated, like anybody else, upon his merits as a man.

The story of the beer boycott in New York is worth the attention of workmen. Some time since New York brewers asked for the raising of a boycott which had been placed upon some Newark beer made by members of the brewers' pool. This was refused, and the brewers thereupon locked out all workmen who were members of the labor union. In revenge, the men boycotted all pool brewers in this city and vicinity. But beer was made and drunk just the same, and presently the boycotters, finding their power sadly

diminished since the first introduction of the boycott, began quarreling among themselves. Their Secretary was called away, and in his absence an accounting was demanded for money spent in what was practically an attempt to divert patronage from pool brewers to certain others favored by the Secretary and his associates. It was found that nearly \$36,000 had been collected from various sources. An itemized account is furnished of the expenditure of about \$2,000. The remainder, over \$33,000, went, according to the committee, "for aid"; but for whose aid is not specified. If it went back to the workmen, they simply received their money again, not with interest, but less a tax of \$2,000 collected by the Executive Board. If it went to others, the workmen certainly suffered a cruel wrong; but the managers of boycotts are not accustomed "to stir around for nothing." This is the usual story of the boycott—failure to carry the point and the mysterious disappearance of large sums of money handed over by poor workmen to irresponsible persons.

THE admonition of Dr. O'Dwyer to the clergy of his diocese is a memorable document. The bishop affirms the binding force of the Papal rescript concerning the Plan of Campaign and boycotting; and he leaves no loophole of escape from obedience to the decree. "Rome has spoken," he says; "controversy is at an end. . . . You must instruct your flocks that they cannot violate this decree of the Holy Office without sin. You must bring home to their consciences the heinous offense of those Catholics who agitate against it. To say that the Holy Father gave this solemn and unalterable decision in ignorance of the facts is an insult to him." Excommunication will follow on disobedience. Dr. O'Dwyer is a Home Ruler and a Land Reformer, and his interpretation of the Papal decree is, therefore, so much the more authoritative. He has plainly marked out the two paths leading in absolutely different directions, one of which the Nationalists must choose. There can be no compromise in his diocese, and it is not to be believed that his brother-bishops will permit any in theirs. It is a supreme moment in the history of the Irish struggle. One thing may possibly come to the help of the Nationalists—the European war. If that breaks out, the Plan of Campaign may well be laid aside and forgotten for weapons more permanently effective. If ever sagacity and deliberation were called for in the history of Ireland, this is the time.

It is bad enough to take the life of a man who has been deliberately convicted of murder by a jury and sentenced by a court; but for a gang of men to combine and lynch him to death without conviction ought to be regarded by everybody as horrible and cowardly. Some months since a negro called "Mingo Jack," who had been captured and locked up in New Jersey on suspicion of being guilty of a brutal crime against a white woman, was taken out of jail by the gloating and savage mob and hanged. There was no proof of his guilt, and he was sure of justice if the law took its course. A few days ago a convict under sentence of death for murder acknowledged that he committed the crime for which the negro had been hanged in cold blood by "respectable citizens." He tells his story with great particularity, accompanying his confession with a statement of details that it would seem impossible for any innocent person to know. A few weeks ago the same sort of outrage was perpetrated in the State of Wisconsin. A worthless tramp was captured and hung on suspicion that he was guilty of a recent murder in the neighborhood. It is now alleged that all circumstances point to his innocence. It is high time that lynchers were taken in hand and punished for manslaughter. With the commitment of a dozen "respectable citizens" to State Prison for a term of years, this fashionable defiance of law and order would receive a needed discouragement.

GOVERNOR HILL has proved himself as friendly to corrupt political methods as to the liquor interests. His veto of the Saxton Electoral Reform Bill divests him of the last pretense to decency. This measure provided for the printing and distribution of ballots at the public expense, for booths in which voters could prepare their tickets without interruption, for the preservation of order about the voting-places, and other similar reforms. This measure would have taken the money element largely out of elections. It would have done away with the usual excuse for the disgraceful system of assessing candidates, and broken up the trade of the political "strickers," "heelers," and other mercenaries. It would have destroyed the chances for manipulation of the tickets in "bunching" and for the negotiation of "deals," and the selling out of candidates for cash considerations. Two necessary reforms are represented by the Saxton Bill, and certain other similar measures: the elimination of the expenditure of money from elections, and the protection of the voter's independence. Our present cumbersome and costly system hampers candidates, and, as the prosperity of political strikers shows, is an incentive to corruption. Governor Hill presents the flimsy excuse that this Bill gives formal recognition only to candidates nominated in accordance with certain prescribed methods. It is not worth while to dwell upon the excuses of a demagogue who stands confessed a mere tool of rumsellers and corrupt politicians.

THE inevitable end has come, and Frederick III. of Germany has gone to his grave with true imperial grandeur, tempered by the exalted serenity befitting a Christian philosopher. During all those latter days of contradictory rumor and fluctuating hope his own brave heart was not deceived, and he heard, nearer and nearer every hour, the footfalls of his approaching doom. Yet, in those tragic days of March, after the old Kaiser William's death, after the historic journey from San Remo, the new Emperor unflinchingly mounted the throne, took up the sceptre of the imperial Hohenzollerns, and wielded it with such inspired power that the world, watching breathlessly, was deceived into hope. Brief but glorious reign! The great soldier proved himself a greater ruler—a Hohenzollern whom military glory could not seduce. In each proclamation, in every State paper shaped by the dying energy of the heroic Frederick, the principles of humanity, progress and democracy speak. Fully and fairly do they justify the assertion of the Spanish statesman-orator, Castelar, that "the policy of the Crown Prince Frederick, raised to the rank of German Caesar, is as different from the policy pursued by William I. as were in yonder servile Russia the acts of humane Alexander, benefactor of the serfs, from the stern, absolutist conduct of Nicholas; as different as were the resolute and warlike William I. and his predecessor and brother, the perplexed and romantic Frederick William IV." Now another William comes to the throne—a disciple of Bismarck, an anti-Semitic reactionist, a disbeliever in modern ideas of free thought and speech and parliamentary assemblies, and a soldier born and bred. Such, at least, he is popularly pictured; and he grasps the imperial power at a time not inopportune for the sinister ambitions with which he is credited. He finds Germany still a military camp, on a war-footing adequate for any outbreak that Europe may see. Whether his heritage is to prove one of splendor or of woe, is a question, the first portent-signs of whose decision millions of human beings are now watching with deep solicitude.

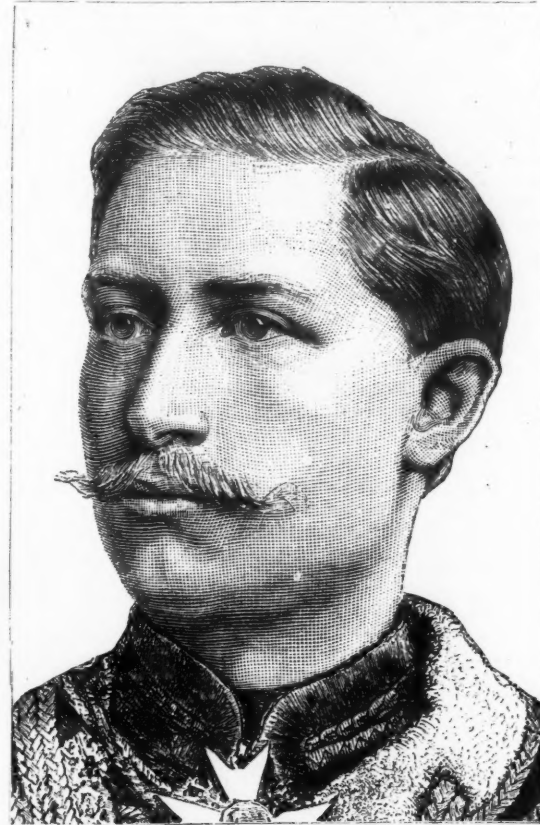
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 295.



The New Empress, Augusta Victoria.

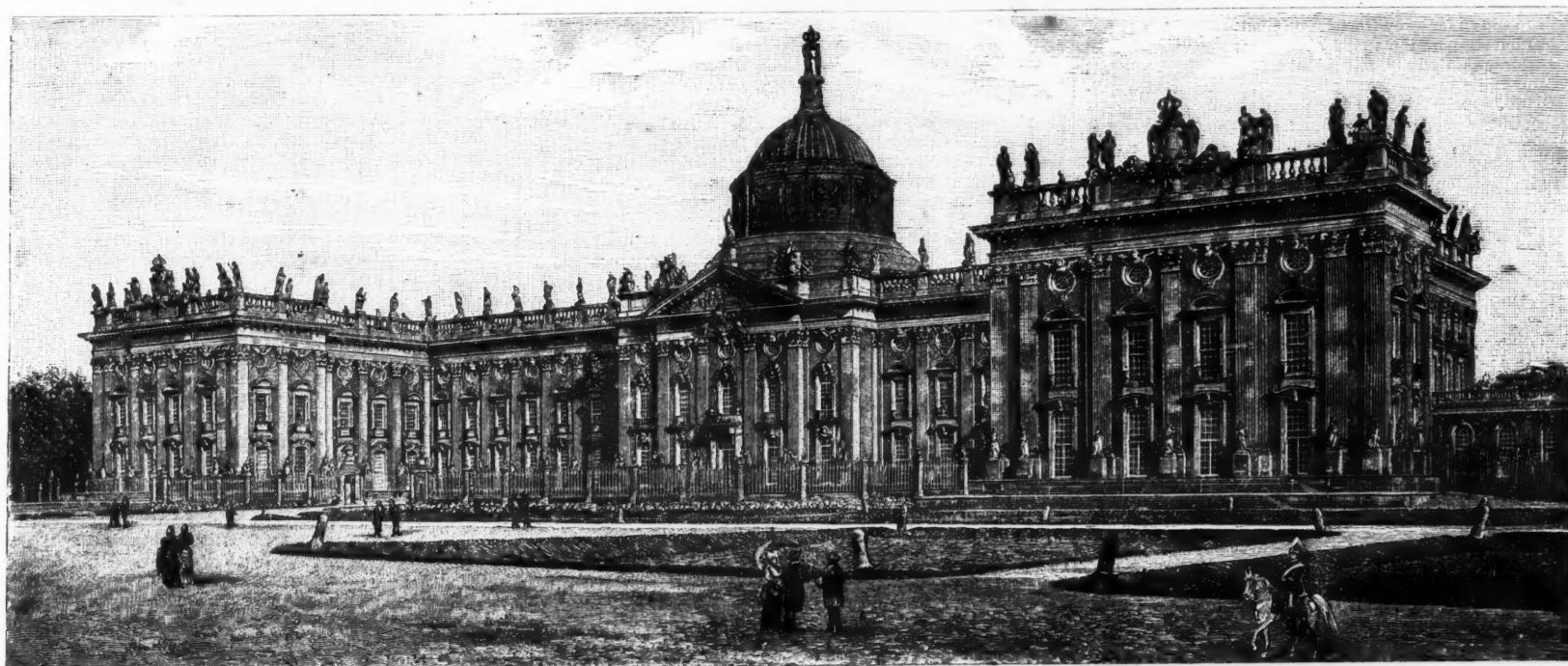


The Late Emperor, Frederick III.

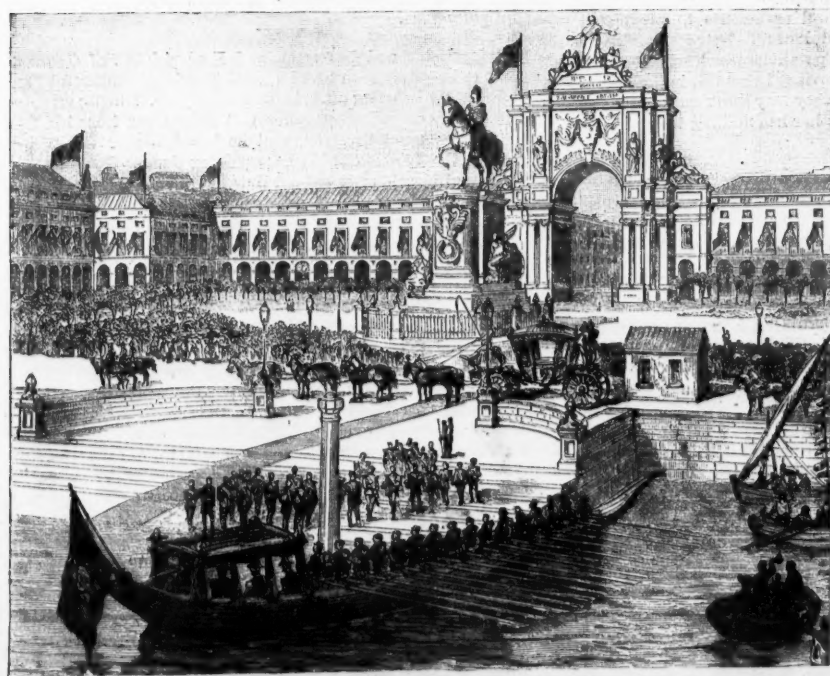


The New Emperor, William II.

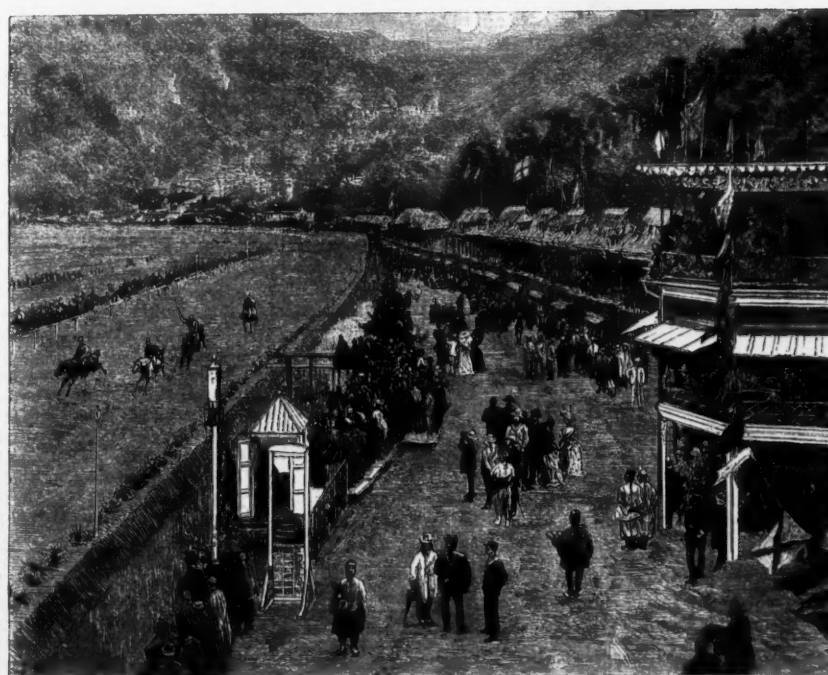
GERMANY.—THE IMPERIAL SUCCESSION.



GERMANY.—THE CASTLE OF FRIEDRICHSKRON, AT POTSDAM, WHERE THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. DIED, JUNE 15TH.



PORTUGAL.—VISIT OF THE KING OF SWEDEN TO LISBON—ARRIVAL AT THE CAES DAS COLUMNAS.



CHINA.—THE HONG KONG DERBY, ON THE HAPPY VALLEY RACECOURSE.

THE LATE JOHN OTTO HUNDT.

THE late John Otto Hundt, who died suddenly on the night of the 10th inst., was one of the best-known and most popular Germans of New York. He was one of the founders and the first president of the Arion Society, and was also president of the united German societies known as the Personal Liberty League, and a member of the German Scientific Society, Pythagoras Lodge of Masons according to Hamburg rite, and the Grand Army of the Republic. He was born in Germany in 1824, and coming here when a young man, he volunteered for service in the Mexican War, and was when he died one of the pensioners. In later life he was an insurance broker. He was one of the first promoters in this country of the cremation of the dead, and had often expressed a wish that at his death no emblem of mourning should be displayed by his relatives and friends. His wish in this respect was sacredly respected. On Wednesday his remains were conveyed to the grand concert hall of the Arion Society, where, over the casket imbedded



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE JOHN OTTO HUNDT, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE ARION SOCIETY.

in flowers, the services for the dead were conducted under the auspices of that Society. Subsequently the body was conveyed to Mount Olivet, Fresh Pond, Long Island, and cremated.

COUNT ARCO-VALLEY,

THE NEW GERMAN ENVOY AND MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

COUNT ARCO-VALLEY, the newly accredited Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States from the German Empire, was born in Bavaria in 1845, and is a South German by residence. He comes from one of the oldest titled families in Germany, the Arco-Valleys being Counts of the Empire over 800 years ago. The new Minister has had a varied experience in diplomacy for one so young, as he is only forty-three years old. He was one of the first to accept the state of affairs that began with Prussia's ascendancy after the victorious battle of Sadowa. From the year 1867 to 1870 he was attached to the Bavarian Embassy at the Holy See. In 1870 he entered the service of the Prussian State, and in 1870-71 was a Delegate to the National Convention at Orleans,



WASHINGTON, D. C.—COUNT ARCO-VALLEY, THE NEW GERMAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

PHOTO. BY STROMEYER & HEYMAN.

In 1871-72 he was Secretary of the German Legation at Washington, under Herr von Schloetzer, who is now German Minister at Rome. In 1872 he was transferred as Secretary of Legation to Vienna, where he served under General von Schweidnitz, now German Ambassador in St. Petersburg. In Madrid, he served as Secretary of Legation under Graf Solms-Sonnenwalde, who is now in Rome; in Paris, under Prince Hohenlohe; in London, under Count Münster (now at Paris); and in Brussels, under Count Wesdehlen. He was subsequently *Chargé d'Affaires* at the Hague; for four years he was Counselor to the Legation at Rome under Herr von Kaudel, and for a year and a half Consul-general in Egypt. From Egypt he was promoted to Washington, as above. Count Arco-Valley is a man of wealth, well educated, a trained diplomatist, a conversationalist in many languages, a good sportsman—in short, a gentleman and a man of the world. He is always approachable, suave in manner and of a merry and happy disposition, and will, as a matter of course, be very popular in official life and *élite* society circles, in the most beautiful capital city of the world—Washington.

A CARNIVAL OF NATIONS.

THE old Exposition building, on the shore of Lake Michigan at Chicago, in which both the National Conventions were held four years ago, has been for two weeks past the theatre of a picturesque "Carnival of Nations," presenting a series of living object-lessons in anthropology far surpassing in popular interest the deliberations of the Congress recently held in New York. This unique entertainment was opened with speeches by Governor Oglesby, Mayor Roche, and other notabilities, on the evening of the 4th inst. Its object was a grand benefit for the Young Women's Christian Association, and it well deserved the abundant prosperity which it enjoyed during the fortnight.

On the site of the fountain, at the main entrance to the grand hall, was a typical Indian encampment, where were represented, in allegorical groups and other historic accessories, Savage, Pioneer and Colonial America. At the northern end of the hall, through a perfect representation of the Gate of Damascus, the spectators

passed into Syria, where an historically correct and natural ensemble was presented. Around the hall were the booths and bazaars illustrative of twenty-five foreign countries. The structures were erected in a substantial manner at the expense of the various churches of Chicago, and were all faithful imitations of the architectural styles represented. Many of the houses had balconies, turrets and piazzas, hung with draperies, as in pictures of Venice, and the various wares that dangle in the narrow streets of Yeddo, Constantinople or Bagdad. The interiors were fitted up shop fashion, where genuine representative foreigners sold curious edibles and decorative ware, spoke their mother tongue and wore the national costume.

The most interesting spectacle of all was the grand procession on the opening night, which was reviewed at the American camp by the famous Mrs. Chaska and her Indian husband. Each nation, in passing the stand, was allowed time for a short speech by a native, and the band played appropriate national airs. General

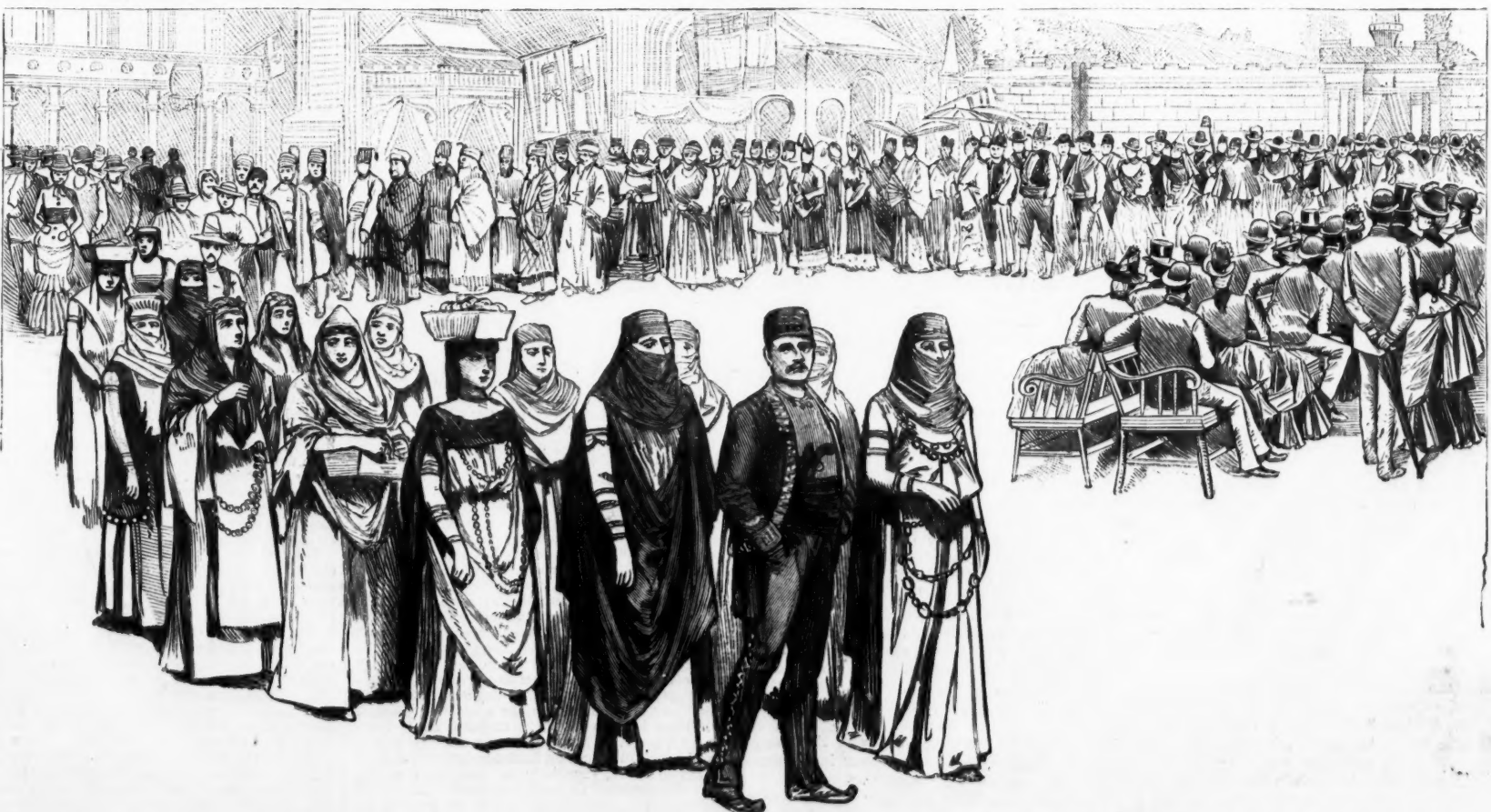


NEW JERSEY.—HON. J. HART BREWER, A REPRESENTATIVE PROMOTER OF THE POTTERY INTEREST.

M. R. M. Wallace was master of the march, and the entire five hundred men, women and children in it were costumed in historically correct style.

HON. JOHN HART BREWER.

HON. JOHN HART BREWER, whose portrait we give in connection with illustrations of the pottery industry, was born in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, in March, 1844, and is a lineal descendant, on the mother's side, of John Hart, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. He has achieved a conspicuous success both in business and in politics. He is the head and chief owner of the great Etruria Pottery Works, of Trenton, is President and managing head of the Trenton Watch Company, and a large stockholder in several other enterprises. He served a term in the New Jersey Legislature, two terms in Congress, in both cases with signal ability and success, and is now a Delegate-at-large to the National Republican Convention at Chicago. Mr. Brewer has been mentioned in connection with the Governorship of his State, and both his ability and his popularity justify the belief that he will win still further honors in the political field.



ILLINOIS.—THE CARNIVAL OF NATIONS, AT THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, CHICAGO, IN AID OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—SCENE AFTER THE OPENING MARCH, JUNE 4TH.

FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK ADAMS.

THE MISSING SHIP.

I SIT beside the sea, to-night—
A sullen sea of doubt and pain,
The sea-spray rathers in my hair,
The air is full of wintry rain.
Across the bay, some slow-winged bird
Beats wearily against the wind;
And, outward bound, some rocking ships
Slow sink the billows' crest behind.

I hear, with ears that do not heed,
The lapping waves creep round my feet;
I see, with eyes that do not see,
The wind-tossed bird, the fading fleet.
My hands are stiff and numb and cold,
My garments sodden with the mist,
And yet, I watch, with wistful eyes,
The ocean, by the rain-clouds kissed.

For one bright day, oh! long ago,
I saw a ship sail proudly out—
Sail out and on, and fade away
Across this misty sea of doubt.
The morning's sky hung over all,
And wind and wave laughed merrily,
And I—I turned with angry eyes,
And let my white ship cross the sea.

What do you ask? Oh, yes; a ship,
With sea-stained sails, came in, one day,
With priceless cargo—silks and wine—
And anchored safely in the bay.
But, somehow—well, another name,
Upon its ensign floated out;
I do not know. I think my ship
Was wrecked upon the sea of doubt.

St. Louis, Mo.

NELLIE WATTS McVEY.

THE PROFESSOR'S SUCCESS.

THE professor was happy at last. After years of thought, experiment and bitter disappointment, he believed that he had finally succeeded in perfecting his invention. He had come so very near success scores of times, only to fail; but now he felt assured that everything was complete, and the final test was to be made.

This idea of the professor's was a curious one, and he had labored patiently over it for years in secret, his faith in ultimate triumph serving to carry him through his many dismal failures. The device, as I have said, was a curious one. It was a contrivance which, when placed in the hat of a man and worn on his head, would indicate truthfully that person's thoughts. It was a simple, inoffensive-looking article, closely resembling a sheet of white paper, and so very innocent was its appearance that it could be placed in the hat of even the most wary without creating any suspicion. But this must necessarily be done with caution, and when extracted, by the initiated only could be read the hieroglyphics on the white sheet—the thoughts of the wearer of the hat.

What advantage the realization of his idea would be to mankind in general the professor had not stopped to inquire. He had been too much absorbed for that; but he was not the kind of a man who would utilize his newly acquired power to a neighbor's disadvantage. He was too refined to be indelicately inquisitive, and too indifferent to his neighbors to care much about them in any way. His invention must be a success first, and afterwards he might possibly stop to consider how it might benefit the human race.

Now, however, that everything was really finished, and he felt that he was about to be successful, he was in a fever to experiment on some one—and yet he was loath to unearth any one's secrets.

There was Thomas, the coachman and gardener about the place; the professor hired him and paid him good wages, and he felt that he had a right to know something of his thoughts. But Thomas, although an excellent coachman and gardener, was neither the most intellectual nor the most refined person in the world, and his thoughts would probably be of horses and potatoes—indifferent things to the professor—or even of things less pleasant, and the professor shrank like a woman from anything coarse or low. And then the difficulty of secreting the magic sheet in Thomas's hat and withdrawing it again. Everything must be done with caution, and if the professor should ask for Thomas's hat it would certainly excite suspicion, as, during the whole thirteen years which Thomas had lived with him, the professor had never in the remotest way alluded to his clothing.

The next person who occurred to him as a convenient subject for experiment was Adele, his nephew's daughter, who danced and sang about the house from morning till night like a veritable fairy. The professor's spirits rose as he thought of her, and almost instantly sank again. It would be so easy to secrete the paper in her large garden hat, where it lay on the table in the hall; but the professor had qualms of conscience. Would it be quite fair or honorable to read the innermost thoughts of a young girl just blooming into womanhood? The professor had old-fashioned ideas of honor and delicacy where women were concerned, and he decided that it would not be right. Then there was that adorable woman Bertha, Adele's mother and his nephew's wife, who had been driven from her husband's side by his cruelty and brutality (who looked scarcely older than her tall sixteen-year-old daughter), and had for five years taken charge of the professor's house. He would like well enough to know her secret thoughts on many subjects, himself included; but she was a woman, and he could not, honorably, pry into a woman's thoughts.

Clearly, the professor was in a dilemma. He must experiment upon some man, that was certain; but whom? And when the man was found, there would be more or less difficulty in secreting the paper in his hat, and in getting it again. The professor had lived so much to himself, devoted to his studies and experiments, and had gone so little into society, that he was not learned in the art of small-talk and little subtleties, neither had he any acquaintance with the

art known as sleight-of-hand, a little knowledge of which would have been of great advantage to him just at present.

Any man coming to the house to call—and plenty came, for, although the professor had few visitors, Bertha had many admirers, in spite of her being neither a flirt nor a widow—would, of course, leave his hat in the hall. It would be an easy thing for the professor to pass through the hall and slip the paper in the hat unobserved; but the difficulty would be in getting it again, for the man would naturally wear his hat home. The professor feared it would be too long to wait until he should call again—the impressions might be blurred or worn off, for he was uncertain how long they would remain; or, the man might discover the paper and throw it away. At the idea of such recklessness the professor actually shuddered; but the shudder only strengthened his resolve. The experiment must be made, and made it should be, on the very next man who called at the house.

The "very next man" proved to be an old friend and classmate of the professor's, one whom he had not seen for a long time, but to whom he was deeply attached. An opportunity offering, the paper was slipped into his hat. The professor then suggested a walk around the garden, as the evening was warm, and his guest willingly assented. But once out in the garden, the professor's nervousness and excitement were so great that conversation languished, and, conscious that he was not acting like himself, he soon proposed that they should return to the house. To this proposition his guest responded with alacrity, and on entering the hall they both laid their hats on the table. At that moment Bertha appeared, and the professor's friend turned to her with relief, leaving the professor to return to his study, where he sat listening at the door feeling as guilty as any thief. The distant sound of their voices soon convinced him that it would be safe to venture forth and take the paper from its hiding-place, which he accordingly did, trembling with joy and expectation. Once more in his study, he closed and locked the door, and seating himself at the table, he drew the shaded lamp towards him, and, confident and eager, proceeded to decipher the hieroglyphics on the white sheet. Yes! He was right! His invention was a success, but even at the moment of triumph his face was clouded. What did he read? A few thoughts concerning the learned subject they had been discussing as they left the house for the garden, and then—"What the deuce is the matter with the man? He must be losing his mind, for he grows queerer every time I see him. Can it be that too much learning is making him mad? Pah! In spite of his learned reputation the man's whole brain could be packed in a nutshell. He has never accomplished anything in the scientific world, and he never will. A plodder, and as dull as plodders always are. A certain amount of intelligence, but learned in the strict sense of the term—pah!" And more in the same strain.

The invention was a success, the professor was convinced of that; but success had brought a large amount of unhappiness with it. Here was his friend, the friend of his youth and manhood, and one whom he expected to be the friend of his old age, thinking such thoughts as these of him—and speaking them, too, perhaps. It was a hard blow, for under his commonplace aspect the professor had a warm heart, and he was loyal and sincere to the core in spite of his habitual seeming indifference. He is not old, either. Take off the near-sighted spectacles and trim the hair and beard, and he would be a handsome man, and a young one, too.

The professor was not seen again that evening, but the next day he was as anxious as ever to experiment on some one else. He would not try a friend's hat—he would put the magic paper into the hat of some casual visitor, and so run no risk of lacerating his own feelings a second time—for his sensitive soul had received a blow that he could not easily forget.

The weather proved stormy for a few days and no one called, but finally the skies cleared, the sun came out bright and warm, and a visitor came to see Bertha. His hat hung on the hat-rack in the hall, and into it the professor slipped a piece of his precious paper. But there was no opportunity of getting it before the man left, and when he came again and the professor had guiltily and unobservedly extracted the paper and taken it to his study, it had received the impression of so many thoughts, that he could distinguish nothing very clearly. It was as if a multitude of impressions, each on a different subject, had been printed successively on the paper and had become an undistinguishable mass. But this did not detract from the success—it rather added to it, and the professor was careful to preserve his specimen.

He tried it on another man who wore his hat home, of course; but the professor was on the watch the next time he came, and searched his hat. But the paper was gone, and the professor bewailed the loss of so much valuable material.

He next experimented on a flippant young man who had only called at the house a few times, and was startled at the levity and blackness of his thoughts. There was mention of horse-races and betting, diamonds and ballet-girls, debts and cards—all foreign subjects to the professor, whose youth had been one of hard study and self-denial; and even in his later years he had studied books more than men and women—so much more had he studied books than his fellow-mortals were almost entirely unknown to him; and this man, this butterfly, this giddy, frivolous creature, was a terror.

But these men were only a few of the many who unwittingly helped the professor in demonstrating the success of his invention.

Time went on, and the professor became more silent than ever, and almost morose, while the desire to try his invention upon every one who came to the house, friend and acquaintance, was

increasing in its intensity until it was almost a mania. He crept stealthily about, and started guiltily when he heard any one approaching. He began to look old and ill, and Bertha and Adele, who noticed the change in him, failed to cheer him, although they exerted themselves to the utmost to do so. Adele sang her prettiest songs, and Bertha suggested change of air. But nothing pleased him. He even began to suspect them of insincerity and interested motives. Gladly would he have placed the white paper in their hats, and learned their true thoughts regarding himself, but his inborn chivalry where women were concerned prevented him.

He had begun to feel that men were his legitimate prey, and hardly a man who visited the house escaped him. There was one man, however, who, so far, had not fallen a victim to the professor's vigilance, and it was a little remarkable, for he was a constant visitor, and latterly the professor had begun to dislike him. He was a doctor with a large practice, although he had been settled only a short time in the neighborhood, and seemed to find Bertha's society very attractive. The professor had, for a long time, tried to insert the paper in the doctor's hat, but without success. An opportunity, however, finally presented itself one evening, of which the professor was not slow to take advantage. The paper was slipped into the hat, and the hat was hung on its customary peg, and the professor then put on his own hat, intending to take a stroll in the garden. But the sight of Bertha's hat and gloves lying on the hall-table turned his thoughts in her direction, and after pacing up and down the hall several times he took off his hat, put it on the table and returned to his study.

Some time afterwards he heard the doctor's voice in the hall for an instant, and on looking out, he saw that the hat was gone. He closed his door carefully and sat down and waited. A few minutes later both Bertha and the doctor were in the hall together, and then they went away again, and he heard their voices on the piazza. He opened his door stealthily and looked out into the hall. The hat was there! He listened attentively, then crept forward softly, and seized it. Once more in his study, he closed and locked the door, as he had done so many times. He hastily crossed the large room, lighted only by a student-lamp, taking the paper from the hat as he did so. The hat rolled, unheeded, to the floor at his feet as he seated himself and leaned forward to read the paper. And this is what he read:

"Bertha! my beloved, my own! That accursed husband of yours! To win you and cast you aside! Brute that he is! Oh, Bertha, my love! what is the tie that binds you to him? A frail link that could easily be snapped asunder by your soft, white fingers. He scorns you, and I—Oh, heavens! One smile from you, one touch of your hand, is more to me than life itself. My God! The thought of possessing you makes my brain reel and my body tremble! You must give him up—break entirely with that cur who has driven you from him. Oh, my love, come to me—"

The professor could read no more. Quivering with rage, he started up, with a cry of passion and anger.

"Curse him!" he muttered, grinding his teeth. "To make love to Bertha under my very eyes! A married woman; how dare he love her! How dare he think of 'possessing' her! A frail link that he has snapped asunder! The vile wretch, the serpent! But I have found him out, thanks to my invention, and he never darkens my doors again. Bertha to be the prey of such a man as this! His very presence in the house pollutes her!"

His foot touched something. It was the hat, and he kicked it furiously all around the room. As he reached again the circle of light shed by the lamp, the hat, though by this time badly battered, presented a somewhat familiar appearance. He picked it up and examined it. The hat was his own, and he had been reading his own thoughts. He remembered wearing it as he walked up and down the hall, but how he had made the mistake of placing the paper in his own hat he could not explain.

How long he sat stupefied he never knew.

He was roused by hearing footsteps on the piazza just outside of his window, and the doctor's voice said:

"And now that he is dead, Bertha, my love, you will let me tell you how much I love you? You will promise to be my wife, darling?"

And Bertha's sweet voice answered: "Yes."

THE TRENTON POTTERIES AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

THE manufacture of fine earthenware is not an "old-established" industry in the United States. Although there have been experiments in the "china" line ever since the time of Benjamin Franklin, our domestic potteries may be said to belong almost entirely to the industrial development of the past thirty years. In 1861 the American potter's opportunity came in the tariff and premium on gold, and the manufacture of what Wedgwood called queensware was begun at Trenton, N. J., where "china door-furniture" had been stamped out of clay for several years previous. Since 1861 the industry has steadily grown and flourished. The production of the decorated ware of which we are now justly proud practically dates from the Centennial Exposition of 1876, where the fine display awakened the taste of the public, and stimulated the manufacturers to supply this new aesthetic demand. The extension of the manufacture of fine earthenware in this country has naturally brought down the prices on foreign manufactured goods, which to-day are cheaper and better to the consumer under a sixty-per-cent. tariff than they were formerly under a twenty-four-per-cent. tariff. There has been a material reduction, in fact, in prices on both foreign and domestic earthenware, especially in decorated goods, since the revision and advancement of the tariff in 1883. The amount of capital at present invested in the potteries distributed over Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana and Illinois, is

about \$8,000,000; and the product for the year 1887—not counting the lower grades, such as stone, yellow and Rockingham—was estimated at \$8,520,000. The quantity of ware made in the United States, and the quantity imported, seem to have been, for a year or two past, about equal. The number of people employed in the industry direct is 10,000, not including those engaged in mining and transporting the materials.

The Trenton potteries, numbering something over a score, employ half of this entire number of hands; and half of the entire amount of capital is here invested. Trenton took and maintained her lead in the pottery industry because her position is central for materials and convenient to the Pennsylvania coal-fields. The only material which the Trenton manufacturers actually find at their doors is the coarse red clay used in making the sagars, or crucibles, and for "wadding" to prevent smoke and gas from entering these crucibles when filled with "green" wares in the kilns. Their kaolin, or fine "china clay," comes from Delaware, Southeastern Pennsylvania and points along the New Jersey coast. Other clays, together with the supplies of flint, lime and feldspar so extensively used, are brought from Maine, Connecticut, New York, Maryland, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, all of which States are more or less indebted to the potteries for the development of mining and other kindred industries.

A visit to a typical first-class pottery, like that of the Ott & Brewer Company, is wonderfully interesting and instructive—particularly if one is fortunate enough to have for guide, philosopher and friend ex-Congressman J. Hart Brewer, the president of the concern. Here we witness successively the various mechanical and artistic processes by which the perfect article of white or decorated china is evolved from the raw materials, passing through from thirty to forty different hands on its journey from the clay heap to the salesroom. The Ott & Brewer establishment keeps busy about 400 employees, one-third of whom are girls and women.

First we see the crude kaolin, which is of a light buff tint, and tolerably fine, having undergone a preliminary washing at the field before it was sent to the pottery. The silica and feldspar are in a pulverized condition, having been calcined, crushed and ground. The skillful specialist mixes his materials according to the kind of ware to be produced. The ordinary mixture consists of about one-third clay and two-thirds silica (flint) and feldspar, the latter being the fusible body which cements the mass. In a receptacle like a huge ice-cream freezer, these three bodies are beaten and mixed together with water. The paste-like mass, freed from foreign substances, is then shaken and strained through sieves of silk, whether destined for the manufacture of superfine Belleek, or merely the ordinary white ware. The sifted clay is pumped in a semi-liquid state into tanks in the basement, where it receives the scientific proportion of ground cobalt destined to impart the peculiar bluish tinge to the ware. Meanwhile, in other adjoining vats, lined with French burr-stone, the "glaze" is mixing, its chief ingredients being feldspar, flint, white sand, lime, zinc, lead, and a little clay, held in solution by water.

The sifted kaolin mixture goes from the tanks to hydraulic presses which expel the greater part of the water, turning off the cream-colored "clay" in putty-like rolls of 110 pounds each. These are "wedged" for the expulsion of the air, and then the compact, superfine mass goes to the potters.

The potters work after the old-fashioned methods of their craft, very little machinery being used, and even the wheel being in most cases driven by foot-power. Besides the potters' wheels, there are metallic dies for stamped articles, such as pickle-dishes, etc., and plaster molds for "hollow ware," which includes jugs, treenens, and all articles with hollowed or bulging sides. It is in this hollow-ware department that we see the original clay models of those exquisite Belleek jugs and vases, designed by Messrs. Ott & Brewer's own artists, and which European manufacturers nowadays pay the compliment of imitation.

But the potter's wheel stands for the typical process, and turns out (with the exception of the hollow ware) the great staples of the establishment, such as the semi-porcelain cups and saucers, plates, platters and washbowls. The "thrower" takes a mass of soft clay, flattens it with one blow from a heavy crusher into a kind of pancake, which he deftly tosses upon the mold attached to the wheel. This whizzes round in either direction, like a horizontal buzz-saw; the potter gives the clay a few magic touches with his shaping-tool, shavings fly off, and in an instant the cup, saucer, or whatever it may be, is shaped, just as a turner shapes a piece of wood upon his lathe. It is "polished" with a wire tool by the same process; then the articles are sponged and smoothed by girls, the teacups have their molded handles stuck on, and the "green" pottery goes to the drying-room. From here it emerges ready for its first "firing" in the kilns, whose high brick funnels, projecting above the roof, are the distinctive exterior mark of the industry. Here the sagars come into play. These are covered crucibles of about the size and form of a peach-basket, into which the articles are carefully packed, being supported on pegs of the same fire-proof material. The sagars, closed and wadded with red clay, are carried on the heads of workmen into the great kilns, and piled up fifteen or twenty feet high, until the great oven is filled. The first firing lasts fifty hours, and it takes the ware two days to cool. Its quality depends much on the regulation of the heat. Then it is smoothed, ground, and brushed, and made ready for the glaze mixture. It is to be remarked here that firing shrinks the ordinary ware one-eighth, and some of the finer qualities as much as one-fifth in size. The glaze mixture is put on in a liquid form, but soon dries into a powdery coat. The second firing (thirty-six hours) melts and fuses it into that clear, vitreous coating which forms the surface of all respectable crockery.

When it is a question of plain white ware, the second firing practically completes the process of manufacture; but decorated articles have more fiery trials yet to undergo. Those elegant semi-porcelain dinner sets, and other household pottery, which firms like that of Ott & Brewer now turn out in an infinite variety of designs, and which are doing aesthetic missionary service in thousands of American homes, receive their ornamental designs by a stamping process. The decorative design is printed on paper from an engraved copper plate, metallic paint of the desired color being used instead of printer's ink. Clever young girls take the strips of paper wet from the printing-press, and transfer the design by simply pressing it upon the surface of the cup, saucer, or what not. Sometimes the design is a monochrome pattern, but frequently it is an outline to be filled in with various colors, laid on with a brush. The circular gilt bands on saucers, plates and cups are

made by placing the piece of ware on a species of potter's wheel, which whirled it rapidly, while the artist touches it with a brush held in a steady hand, and the line is completed in the twinkling of an eye. The articles must be fired for each separate color or tint of bronze, so that it is quite common for a piece of fancy Belleek to visit the kiln half a dozen times. These fancy articles are hand-painted by skilled artists from England and France, no American apprentices having been as yet "broken in."

Although the staple product of the house of Ott & Brewer is necessarily their semi-porcelain, opaque china and white granite wares, these manufacturers lead the country in the line of purely artistic pottery. Their exhibition-room at Trenton is a perfect museum of *bric-a-brac*, and a genuine surprise to most visitors. Here are vases, busts, plaques, jugs, pilgrim-bottles, cups, and a hundred other fancy articles, elegant in design and richly beautiful in color; while the exquisite white "egg-shell" and decorated Belleek porcelain, made entirely from home materials, admittedly outvalues the famous ware of that name originally manufactured in the County Fermanagh, Ireland. The great jewelry and *bric-a-brac* houses of the United States are handling these wares with the highest grades of foreign manufacture, and connoisseurs are not surprised nowadays to find the "O. & B." trade-mark upon some of the most perfect gems of art pottery in the country.

Such is the proud record of the development of the pottery industry and the potter's art in the United States, within a period of less than thirty years. A great crisis is now at hand. The tariff agitation, which has curtailed business in every direction, has fallen with blighting effect upon the potteries; and the leading manufacturers at Trenton declare that the mere menace of the Mills Bill has decreased their sales from thirty to forty per cent., in what should be the height of the season. How disastrous the passage of this Bill, with the free-trade avalanche behind it, would be to the pottery interests, is evident from the marked increase of importation shown by the statistics for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1887, notwithstanding the reduction in values of domestic goods since the passage of the tariff law of 1883. The exact figures, taken from the annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics for the year ending June 30th, 1887, are: "Total earthen, stone and china ware—except bricks and tiles—amounting to June 30th in the year 1886, \$4,992,214.81, and the same date in the year 1887, \$5,716,927.00." This shows the determination of the English and French manufacturers to get into the American market and remain there, notwithstanding the protective tariff. Fair competition, however, our manufacturers are not afraid to meet. Foreign monopoly is what they dread. The tariff issue, therefore, is of the most vital importance to them, and their present position is simply one of panic.

VASSAR CLASS DAY.

TUESDAY of last week was Class Day at Vassar College, and on the day following the Commencement exercises took place. Poughkeepsie was bright with visitors; the college lawns and corridors were filled with animated groups. The "sweet girl graduate" quotation from Tennyson's "Princess" was in universal demand. At half-past two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon visitors and students thronged into the chapel to assist at the farewell exercises of the graduating Class of '88. This class organization was as follows: President, Miss Rident; Vice-president, Miss Ross; Secretary, Miss Lewi; Treasurer, Miss Ransom. The Class Committee was composed of Miss McKinlay, Chairman, and Miss Austin, Miss Wooster, Miss Patterson, Miss Sheldon, Miss Blackwell and Miss Pocock, Associates.

The oration upon the class motto, "Perseverando," was delivered by Miss Chester, of Englewood, N. J., and the class history was given by Miss MacCreery, of Pittsburg, Pa. Miss Foster, of Indianapolis, Ind., was the Prophetess, and forecast, in the most witty and fanciful manner, the future of each of her classmates. The entire class then marched out upon the campus to the flourishing young elm planted by them at the beginning of their college course. Under its slight shade the ceremony of "burying the records" took place, followed by the "charges" of the senior and junior classes. In the course of the former, the speaker, Miss Ransom, of San Francisco, turned over to Miss Hunt, of Trenton, N. J., who delivered the junior charge, the historical spade, decorated with ribbons, and bearing the following inscription:

"This spade, by the hands of Matthew Vassar, removed the first particle of earth for the foundation of the Vassar Female College."
"4th of June, 1861."

The exercises closed with singing, and in the evening a promenade concert was given in the large dining-room.

The Commencement exercises, on Wednesday, attracted a crowd of distinguished visitors, who listened to some good music and to a number of well-written addresses and essays on subjects by turns abstruse, poetic and practical. After the conferring of degrees, Dr. Taylor addressed the graduates, also announcing that the preparatory department had been abolished and that Professor Maria Mitchell had been made a permanent member of the College Faculty. The graduating class numbered thirty-six.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

ITS ACCOMMODATIONS AT CHICAGO, AND OTHER PRELIMINARIES.

THE Republican hosts have once more assembled at Chicago for the portentous duty of nominating the party's Presidential and Vice-presidential candidates; but the scene of their deliberations and work will not be the old Lakeside Exposition building of four years ago. The new Auditorium building, on the block bounded by Wabash and Michigan Avenues and Congress Street, has been opportunely brought to a state of completion enabling the National Committee to secure its grand hall for the sessions now opening. It undoubtedly affords the most elegant, substantial and generally fitting accommodation ever enjoyed by a National Convention. Being designed for an opera-house, the interior used by the Convention is a far more symmetrical one than the long, narrow hall of the Exposition building in E. Louis, where the Democrats met a fortnight ago. Its capacity is less, but as now arranged its floor, galleries and tiers will seat nearly 8,000 people, and 9,000 can be crowded in. This accommodation is amply sufficient, as even upon the basis of the smaller number there would

be about nine spectators to every actual official member of the body. The interior lines of the hall are such that the most distant seat in the topmost gallery commands a perfect view of every square foot of the stage. This stage is one of the largest in the world, and will ordinarily seat 2,000 people; but for the purposes of this Convention it has been enlarged by a platform extending forward of the proscenium-arch and over the space designed for the future use of the orchestra. The officers of the Convention will be in the centre of this space, upon a dais, slightly raised, on which there will be room also for speakers to stand. Flanking this dais, in front of the stage are seats for 150 reporters engaged in actually reporting the proceedings, back of which are 200 seats for artists and writers of general descriptive matter and editorial comment. Next in the rear are tiers of seats which gradually rise so as to command a view of the hall, and which will be occupied by the National Committee and their friends. The seats reserved for the delegates fill the floor of the parquet, and the alternates' seats extend in rising rows behind these. The first gallery curves like a horseshoe from one end of the stage around the hall to the other. Above that is a second gallery, also encircling the hall, while higher yet is a third one extending across the rear. There are no private boxes nor other extra accommodations for distinguished guests.

The elaborate decorations and brilliant electric lights of course greatly enhance the pictorial effect of this splendid auditorium. The brick walls, iron beams, arches and stone pillars are covered with the three colors of the Republic. The proscenium-arch is studded with lights, and the three gallery horseshoes ribbed with bands of red, white and blue, glitter with incandescent lamps arranged in the form of stars. Over the centre of the proscenium-arch is a huge shield, formed of red, white and blue electric lights. In spaces on the walls, at the sides of the hall and between the galleries, are portraits, painted in heroic size, of Lincoln, Grant and Garfield, elliptically framed in electric lights. These blazing carbons, 2,700 in number, in their globes of crystal and colored glass, shine everywhere, in lines of light along the railings of the galleries, hanging in glittering chandeliers from the roof, clustered on the walls, arching over the stage and dotting the roof with stars. Sunlight is totally excluded by day, so that all the sessions of the Convention are thus illuminated by electricity.

The acoustics of the place are pronounced perfect; and there are no less than twenty-six exits into the broad lobby which encircles the auditorium.

These pages go to the press on the eve of the Convention's opening. The principal Chicago hotels are serving as headquarters of the various delegations, and the visitors are abroad in legions. Bunting and banners droop and flutter in the sultry air, but the energy of political discussion is unflagging. From the extraordinary number of well-developed "booms" extant, it is patent to the most casual observer that this Convention has a far more difficult and exciting task before it than the Democrats had to perform at their Cleveland ratification meeting, so to speak, in St. Louis. Depew, Gresham, Sherman, Alger, Allison and Harrison—not to make the list any longer—are all prominently on deck, and have followers who mean fight. Circulating among these different factions, one may have a consensus of positive estimates of the strength of each "favorite son," ranging from zero to the unanimous vote of the Convention. It would require temerity, however, to venture even the most diffident prediction regarding the name with which either the first or the second place on the ticket is to be filled. It is certain that somebody has a particularly strong nomination speech to make, and that that nomination will have to be caught upon a tidal wave to be carried through. Just now, a good deal seems to depend upon New York. Should a New Yorker, speaking for his delegation as a unit, put forward some candidate safe to carry the Empire State without endangering the success of the party elsewhere, the course of the nominations would be much easier to forecast. But the "if" in this proposition is a formidable one.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE GERMAN IMPERIAL SUCCESSION.

On another page will be found portraits of the late Frederick III., eighth of the Hohenzollern monarchs, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany; William II., his son and successor; and the latter's wife, the Empress Augusta Victoria. The late Emperor passed away quietly at Friedrichs-kron, now Potsdam, a little after eleven o'clock on the morning of Friday last, June 15th. His last period of consciousness had been during the afternoon previous, when all the Imperial family were summoned to his bedside, and the farewells taken—to each loved one a pressure of the hand, and an inexpressible pathetic look of silent recognition. On Friday forenoon the lowering of the flag upon the castle to half-staff announced to the waiting crowds that all was over. The Lehr Battalion mounted guard in the castle, and the road to Sans Souci was occupied by hussars, all access to the castle being stopped. In the City of Berlin mourning emblems quickly appeared in the windows and all business was suspended. The Berlin Municipal Council were formally informed by the Chief Burgomaster, Herr Forkenbeck. At two o'clock all the bells in the city began tolling the death-knell. Immediately upon receipt of the news of the Kaiser's death, the Ministry assembled and Prince Bismarck formally announced the Emperor's decease, together with the accession to the throne of William II. The new Emperor comes to the throne in the thirtieth year of his age, having been born on the 27th of January, 1859. His mother being the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England, his first teacher was an English governess; yet his sympathies are far from English. The reason for this is, no doubt, that he early absorbed the feeling of the Imperial and military Court circles, which resented his parents' preferences for liberal constitutional government. He was sent to school at Bonn to be grounded in jurisprudence, science, political economy, mathematics and foreign languages. In 1882 began his technical training for the civil duties of an emperor. By the old Kaiser William's directions, he spent a considerable period in the study of the administrative methods of Dr. Acschimbach, President of the Province of Brandenburg. He attended the sittings of the Diet, made abstracts of all proceedings, drafted State papers and went through all the regular governmental routine. Once a fortnight he went for a visit—which was practically a lesson—to Bismarck. Above all, he was trained from infancy in the "school of the soldier," and now he is lacking in no detail of drill, tactics, discipline or organization

of any arm of the service which can qualify a man to command an army. His wife is the Princess Augusta Victoria, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. She is of the same age as her husband. They were married at Berlin on the 27th of February, 1881. She is not of royal blood nor of personal beauty, and their married life is said not to be ideal. Their family consists of four sons. The oldest, now Crown Prince, was born on the 6th of May, 1882, and to distinguish him among the other Fredericks and Williams in the German royal family it is necessary to give him all his names, viz., Frederick William Victor Auguste Ernest. The other sons are, respectively, five years, four years, and one year old.

THE CASTLE OF FRIEDRICHSKRON.

The royal castle at Potsdam, in which the heroic Emperor Frederick, after his long and pathetic struggle with an incurable malady, died on Friday morning of last week, two weeks after his removal from Charlottenburg, is that formerly called *Das Neue Palais*, but which has been rechristened since Kaiser William's death Friedrichskron. It was built by Frederick the Great in 1763, after the termination of the Seven Years' War, and completed by him at great expense. Many of the two hundred apartments are richly decorated and filled with treasures of art. The Marble Palace, also at Potsdam, occupied by the new Emperor William II. as Crown Prince, was built by Frederick William II. in 1786, and was long unoccupied until Prince William made it his residence.

KING OSCAR AT LISBON.

King Oscar of Sweden, during his recent trip to the Mediterranean, was received nowhere with more royal welcome than in Lisbon, last month. He arrived in the Swedish corvette *Frega*. A Portuguese squadron, led by the *Afonso d'Albuquerque*, having on board the Crown Prince of Portugal and the Infante Dom Afonso, went out to meet the Swedish Royal party, and to escort them to the Caes das Colunas, where they were landed in the State barge, and were driven to the Palace d'Ajuda. Visits to the San Carlos Theatre and to the public buildings, a grand State dinner at the palace, and other festivities, were brought to a fitting close with an extraordinary fireworks display provided by British pyrotechnists.

THE HONG KONG DERBY.

The British Jockey Club of Hong Kong has established in the Happy Valley adjacent to the great Chinese seaport a racecourse more beautifully situated than that on England's Epsom Downs. The annual meetings are held in the Spring, and the most interesting event is usually the "Hong Kong Derby," which was won this year by the favorite, Leap Year, belonging to Mr. John Peel, of Shanghai. The Keechong Cup was also won by this horse. The grand stand, as the picture shows, was ornamented with evergreens and flags, while the edge of the course was lined for a long distance on each side with pot-flowers. The western side of the course was lined with gayly decked booths and stands, as well as luckster-stalls and gambling-tables, while the eastern was monopolized by the Chinese spectators.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE Senate Committee on Appropriations has increased the Post Office Appropriation Bill by \$1,549,000. One million dollars is appropriated to carry out the eight-hour law with respect to letter-carriers, and \$800,000 is appropriated for subsidies.

THE Dominion Government has sent orders to Manitoba to rearrange the frontier patrols to protect Canadian territory from United States marauders. A large slice of Canadian territory on the north border of Dakota, about 100 miles west of Winnipeg, is well timbered. Lumber in that section is scarce, and it is alleged that large parties of timber pirates make regular trips to the region, steal timber and carry it across the line to the States.

It is found practicable at last to make the waste of pine sawmills available for paper pulp. In reducing the wood to pulp bi-sulphate of lime has been used, this powerful chemical acting on the fibre only when heated; heretofore only lead-lined boilers would resist its action, these, however, being costly and hard to keep in repair. More recently there has been discovered in Germany a kind of brick lining for boilers, which serves the purpose in question. The wood, sawed in small pieces, is digested with bi-sulphate in large boilers lined with this brick, heat being supplied through lead steam pipes, nothing further being necessary except washing of the fibre. The bi-sulphate is made on the spot, by passing sulphurous vapor through porous limestone kept thoroughly wet.

A most wonderful invention is reported from Vienna. An Austrian engineer has, it is said, designed a truck to be run before every railway train, being maintained always at a fixed (but adjustable) distance in front by the force of an electric current transmitted along the metals from a dynamo on the engine. The current is conducted in glass tubes on the pilot truck. If, therefore, the truck comes into collision the tubes are broken and the contact necessarily destroyed. The interruption of the current instantly and automatically applies the brakes on the following train. It is claimed by the inventor that two expresses, fitted with this system, might with impunity be set to run full tilt at each other. The collision of both pilot trucks would arrest the progress of both trains before they could meet.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JUNE 10TH.—In Walden, N. Y., Charles H. Winfield, lawyer and politician, aged 69 years. JUNE 11TH.—In New York, John Otto Hundt, a well-known and influential German citizen, aged 64 years. JUNE 12TH.—In Rochester, Mass., George Noyes, proprietor of the *Massachusetts Plowman*, aged 59 years. JUNE 13TH.—In Elmira, N. Y., Professor Edward Danforth, Secretary of the State Sunday-school Association, etc., in Jacksonville, Ill., Rufus C. Crampton, third President of Illinois College, aged 60 years. JUNE 14TH.—In Belfast, Me., Hon. William M. Rust, editor of the *Progressive Age*, aged 69 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Francis Peck, pastor of Calvary Church, aged 79 years; in Newburyport, Mass., Mary N. Prescott, the authoress and poet; in New York, John Langdon Colby, aged 63 years. JUNE 15TH.—In Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. Ann Maria Treadwell Redfield, the teacher and authoress, aged 87 years; in Jacksonville, Fla., Colonel W. T. Forbes, Secretary of the Sub-Tropical Exposition; in Chili, Señor José V. Lastarria, the eminent statesman and writer, aged 61 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

UNITED STATES SENATOR CHACE, of Rhode Island, has been re-elected for the full term of six years.

LORD STANLEY OF PRESTON, the new Governor-general of Canada, was sworn into office on the 11th instant.

THE Republicans of Maine have nominated Hon. Wm. C. Burleigh, present State Treasurer, as their candidate for Governor.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is in San Francisco making engagements for a seven-months' yacht cruise on the South Seas.

ABOUT \$9,000 has been raised for the Starr King Monument at San Francisco, and \$3,000 more is wanted. It will soon be raised.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER ATKINS has tendered his resignation, in order to become a candidate for the United States Senate from Tennessee.

THE women's branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will erect a drinking-fountain for man and beast in Philadelphia, in honor of Henry Bergh.

GENERAL W. B. FRANKLIN, of Connecticut, has been nominated by President Cleveland to serve as Commissioner-general of the United States to the Paris Exposition of 1889, and has accepted the office.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND, who has been seriously ill for some weeks, has gone to his favorite resort, "Hominy Hill," Ark., and will probably not return to Washington before September.

THE reports alleging that Jay Gould is seriously ill do not seem to be confirmed. He is suffering from nervous depression, but has recently made a Southwestern tour without inconvenience or discomfort.

THE Prohibitionists of Vermont have nominated Professor Henry M. Seely, of Middlebury College, for Governor. In Missouri the same party has nominated a full ticket headed by Mr. J. M. Lowe for Governor.

REV. AUGUSTUS W. COWLES, D. D., LL. D., President of Elmira Female College since its foundation, thirty-three years ago, and an instructor of reputation, last week tendered his resignation to the Trustees, impelled by advancing age. The resignation will take effect in June, 1889.

A DOUBLE wedding took place at Mrs. Garfield's home at Mentor, O., last week. Mollie Garfield, the only daughter of the late President, was married to J. Stanley Brown, ex-private secretary of President Garfield; and Harry Garfield, the eldest son, was married to Miss Belle Mason, daughter of the late James Mason, of Cleveland.

THE young authoress, Miss Amelie Rives, was married last week at her home in Albemarle County, Va., to John Armstrong Chanler, of New York city. The wedding was a quiet one, on account of the recent ill health of the bride, and only relatives and a very few intimate friends were present. The young couple will make a European wedding-trip.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, who has just accepted the call to Plymouth pulpit, is a man with a remarkable capacity for work. In personal appearance he is just the opposite of his famous predecessor. He is tall and thin, with delicately cut features and a flowing beard. One thing in common with Mr. Beecher is the big slouch hat or wide awake that adorns his head.

A NEW Egyptian Cabinet has been formed, with Riaz Pasha as President thereof. He is the man whose despotic ideas of government were largely responsible for the Arabi Bey revolution and all its sequent disasters. As it is unlikely that he has changed his spots, it is possible that Egypt may again be the scene of an uprising which might materially affect Great Britain's foreign policy.

THE baby king of Spain on the occasion of his birthday reception at Barcelona the other day fell fast asleep while the cream of his subjects and the representatives of foreign nations advanced in courtier gravity to kiss his hand. He was dressed in white lace and sat on his mother's right hand in the arms of a very resplendent nurse in gold-embroidered crimson velvet robes. At the Queen's feet sat the little Princess of Asturias and the Infanta Doña Maria Teresa.

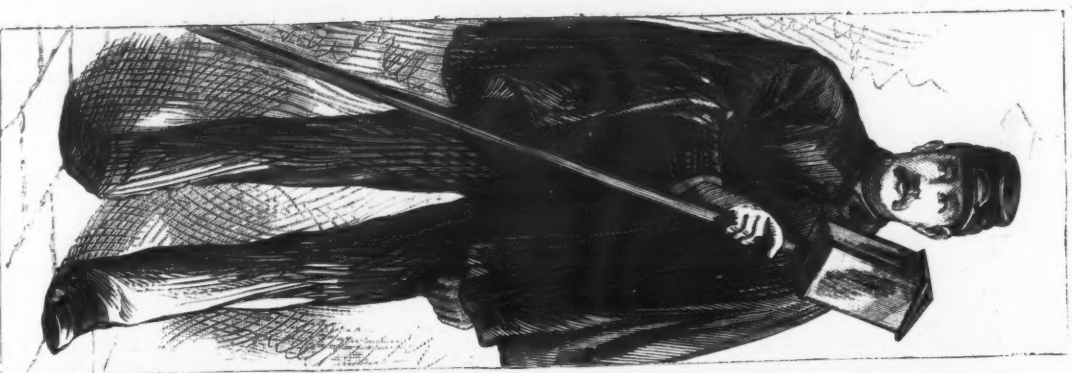
OLD Captain Isaac Bassett, the assistant door-keeper of the Senate, who has served the Senate for fifty-eight years, will be delighted if Judge Thurman becomes President of the Senate. In the old days, when most of the Senators took snuff, they kept Captain Bassett's box so depleted that he had two boxes of snuff fixed to the wall near the door for their use. Year by year the number of Senators who sauntered up to take a pinch diminished. At last Senator Thurman became the only regular patron, although Senator Hoar and Senator Johnston, of Virginia, would occasionally delight the old doorkeeper's heart by taking a pinch for sociability's sake.

In the trial of the notorious Mme. Diss Debar in New York last week the defendant was treated to a number of unpleasant surprises. The woman's sister exploded the swindler's claim to be a daughter of Lola Montez, and Albert Bierstadt described how she undertook to honor him with a visit from Shakespeare. In a conveniently near mirror he saw everything that was going on. He said: "I had my hand over my eyes and peeped through my fingers. I saw, by looking in the glass, 'General' Diss Debar hand her a piece of cardboard in exchange for the one I had held, but which she had taken. She gave me the substitute one and told me to hold it again. Then I saw upon it a pencil sketch of Shakespeare's head."

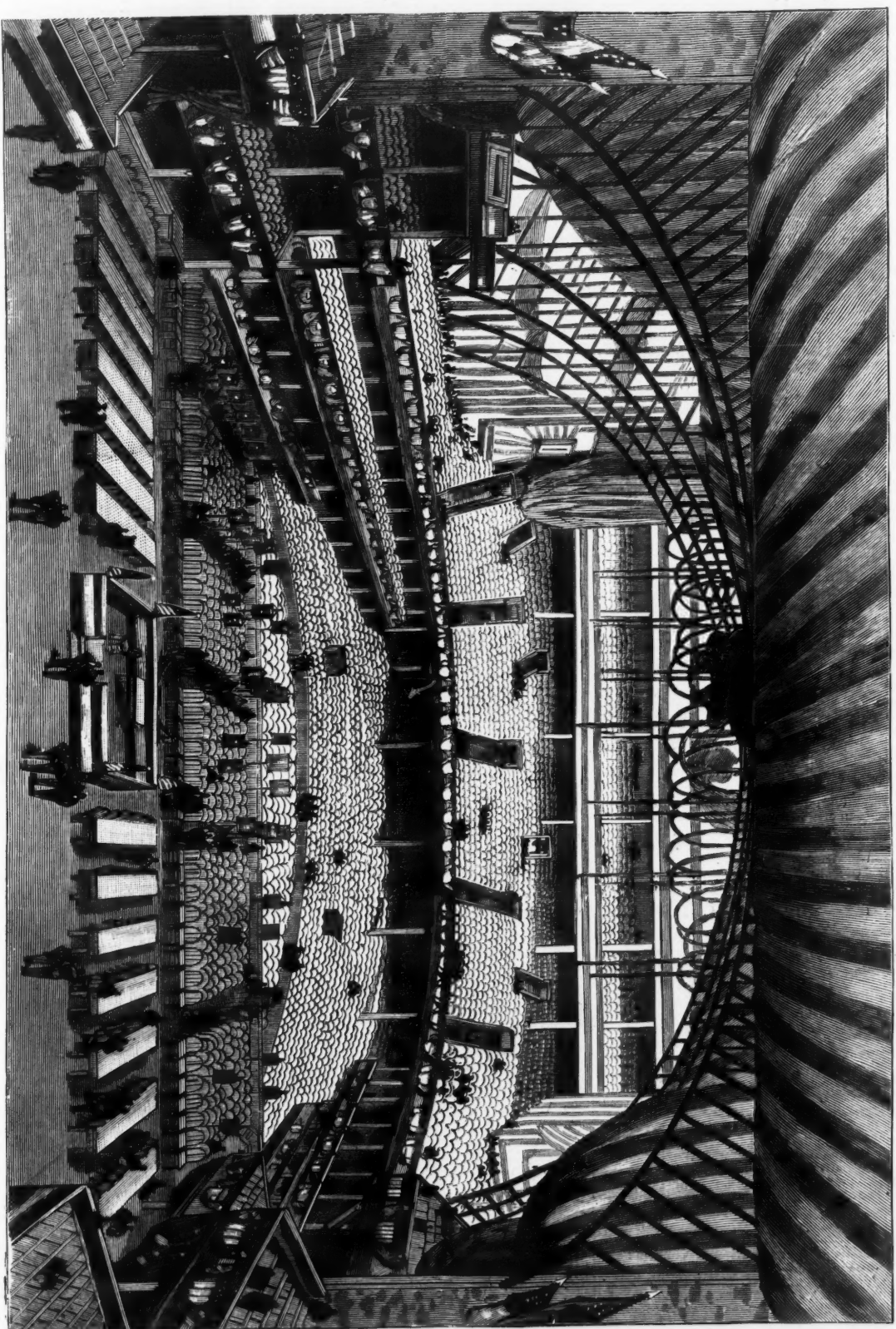
DURING the past week General Sheridan has visibly improved, but his recovery cannot yet be safely predicted. A Washington correspondent writes: "There is one thing in General Sheridan's favor, and that is, that he is a most terrible growler. He growls about everything, much to the satisfaction of his family and friends, who dreaded very much to see in him the strange and ominous patience that in most men indicate a mortal malady. General Sheridan has never stopped stewing and fussing for a moment, except when he was temporarily overcome by weakness. He calls his peptonized milk infernal stuff, and his chicken broth chicken sloop. Nothing suits him. Everything has to be changed, and that right away. He wants roast beef, claret, everything that he ought not to have, and pitches into the doctors right and left the instant he can hold his head up from the pillow. This encourages his family hugely, particularly Colonel Mike Sheridan."



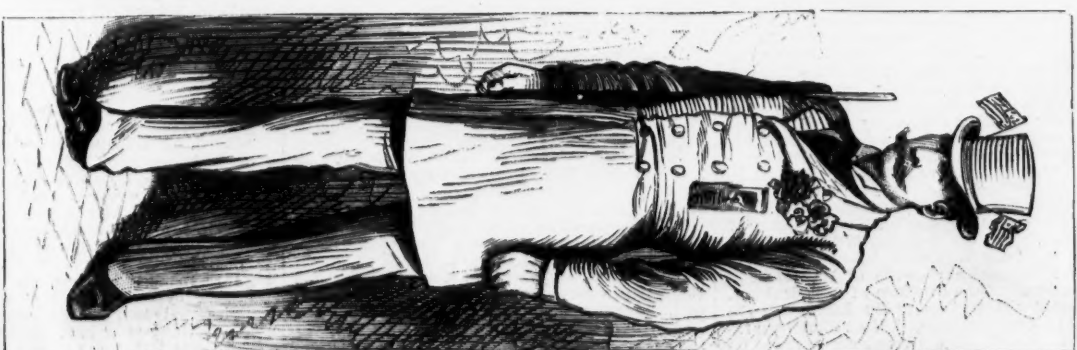
CAMPAIGN CLUBS PASSING THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING.



A LINCOLN WIDE AWAKE OF 1860.



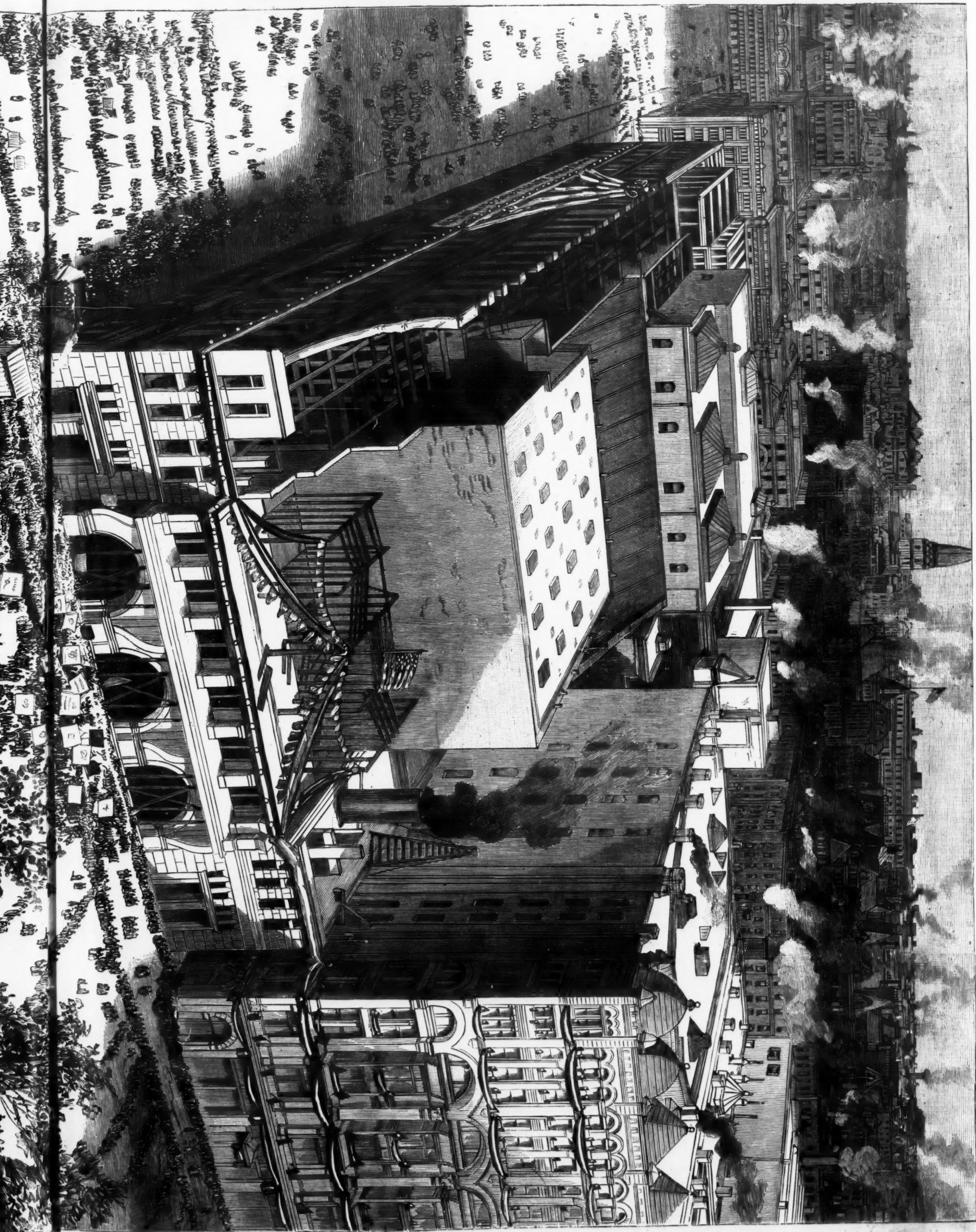
INTERIOR OF THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING.



A REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGNER, 1868.

ILLINOIS.—THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE NEW AUDITORIUM BUILDING, IN WHICH THE CONVENTION IS HELD.

FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK ADAMS.—SEE PAGE 295.



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BLACK BLOOD:

A PECULIAR CASE.

BY
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S
WIFE," "THE PARSON OF DUMFORD,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.—AFTER A LONG LAPSE.

CHAPTER XXX.—A SECRET TROUBLE.

"HULDA, my child," cried Lady Cope, as her adopted daughter reached the door, "one moment, my dear." The girl turned cold and hot, and then felt giddy as she turned to face Lady Cope, fearing that the motherly eyes would read her thoughts; but Lady Cope had only a few words of instruction to give respecting something they had to take, and the consequence was that as she left the library, looking very haughty and repellent, consequent upon a determined effort to maintain her dignity, she came right upon Rob Black, who had just been admitted by Nelly Dawson, that young lady having flown with such speed to open the door that Dick White was all behind.

As Rob caught sight of Hulda he drew up to "attention," and stood fast while she swept by him with her eyelids lowered, and without apparently heeding his presence. But all the same, as she swept by, her long dress gave a wave-like twist, and brushed against the young soldier and checked her, so that she turned upon him with flaming cheeks and indignant flashing eyes, for it seemed to her that this insolent private, to whom Lady Cope had shown several little kindnesses, and who had now come with a dispatch, must have taken her dress in his hand and pulled it to take her attention.

Flashing eyes do much mischief, but they rarely kill, or Rob Black must have fallen scathed upon the mat, so fiercely indignant was the look with which Hulda turned upon this daring, insolent man.

But it was no insolent look which met hers, only a respectful smile full of apology; and it needed not Rob's words to show what was wrong, although he spoke.

"Beg pardon, I am very sorry. My spur." His eyes rested upon hers for a moment, with a look full of reverent worship, and it was as if in continuation thereof that he went down on one knee, and tried to extricate the silken robe from the spur against which it had been swept, and about which it and its thick silken fringe trimming were tightly caught.

Hulda frowned, and her heart beat fast as Rob tried vainly to set the dress free, while his words had been as calm, respectful and gentlemanly as those of any one of the officers of the regiment.

"I'm afraid I am very clumsy," he said, apologetically, for the silken fringe seemed to be regularly involved in the rowl and pin of the bright spur.

For a few moments Hulda did not dare to trust herself to speak, and hastily withdrawing one of his gauntlet gloves, Rob tried hard, while to Hulda it seemed as if, in spite of all she could do, she was being inextricably linked to this man and his fortunes.

"It's the queerest thing I ever knew," said Dick to himself; and then, as he stared half wonderingly from one to the other, he offered his help. "Want a knife, my lad?" said he.

"Knife? No!" jerked out Nelly. "The idea! Here, let me come, please."

She half pushed Rob's hands aside, but contrived that her own should touch the one which was minus a glove, and her deft fingers busily set to work to disentangle the knot.

But not with much success.

"The idea!" she exclaimed. "Wearing such things as these in a gentleman's house! I shall be obliged to use my scissors, miss, after all."

"Cut the dress," said Hulda, shortly, without looking down.

Then followed the rustling and jingling of things in Nelly's pocket before she drew forth her scissors and made a snip or two as viciously as if she were dividing another kind of attachment between the two people before her; but Nelly felt a good deal more than she expressed.

"That's it, miss," she said, watching her young mistress intently, as if she expected to intercept a look passing between her and the young lancer.

She might have spared herself the trouble. "Thank you," said Hulda, coldly; and she swept on to the stairs and passed out of sight, as if those whom she left were unworthy of her notice.

"I believe you did it on purpose. Such impudence!" said Nelly, staring hard at the young lancer. "There, hold still; here's a lot of silk twisted round the spur."

"No, no; let it be," said Rob, hastily, as he hurriedly put on his great white glove. "And you did not think anything of the kind, Miss Nelly. Here, quick, old fellow. Go in and tell the colonel I have a dispatch for him."

"Shall I take it?"

"No: I was to give it to him myself."

Dick White nodded and went into the study.

"Then, if you didn't do it on purpose, she did," said Nelly, maliciously. "You can't deceive me."

Rob's answer was not given, for Dick White came back to sign to the orderly to carry in the dispatch.

Lady Cope rose with a smile as Rob entered and the door was closed behind him, while Sir Philip nodded shortly, and held out his hand for the letter.

Lady Cope gave him an affectionate look, and then crossed to the table, took a couple of cigars out of the box, and handed them to Rob.

"I am glad to see you selected as an orderly,

Black," said Sir Philip, kindly. "It is a duty of trust, and I hope some day to see you with the stripes."

Rob, the moment before, was the stiff, mechanical private soldier, but these kindly words seemed to thaw the ice of discipline, and with the courtesy and ease of a well-bred man, he opened the door and bowed as the colonel's lady passed out, closing the door directly, and turning to stand fast at "attention," but coloring slightly as he saw that Sir Philip was watching him intently over the top of the blue foolscap paper from which he had been reading.

"You can take this to Captain Miller," he said, re-folding the paper after glancing through it. "That will do."

Rob saluted, faced round and left the room, to find Nelly waiting to let him out, and evidently eager to have a few words with him; but he hurried away.

"Important dispatch," he said, giving her a friendly nod.

"But he might have stopped and said one word," thought Nelly.

"Smart young fellow," said Sir Philip, as he saw Rob crossing the parade-ground towards the barracks; "and he has got two more of my cigars, confound him!"

Up-stairs, in spite of her determination not to look, Hulda was standing back from the window, with her troubled face clouded by a frown as she thought of the peculiar incidents of a few minutes before, and wondered why it should have happened at such a time, and to her and this man of all others in the world.

As for Rob, he hastened to deliver his dispatch, and then made his way to his quarters, bearing with him a scowl from Captain Miller, whose angry look would have been deeper and darker had he seen Rob's spur, and known that the twisted silk about the rowl came from Hulda Cope's dress.

But neither he nor any other inmate of the barracks was a witness when, as soon as he reached his quarters, Rob Black behaved in the absurd manner common to young men in his condition.

He took off the spur, and then, as he had been unable to kiss the hem of the lady's robe, pressed his lips to the scrap of silk, and, after glancing round to see that there was no witness near, carefully untwisted every thread of the fringe and laid them upon a piece of writing-paper, in which he folded them so as to form a packet, which he could wear next his heart as a sort of charm.

"What folly!" he said, as he ended his task, and sat with the little packet in his hand, without heeding that a comrade was coming slowly down the barrack-room to where he sat upon a bench, staring before him into the future as if seeing his whole future life mapped out. "It is a sort of madness, and my presumption deserves some check. Captain Miller—Mrs. Captain Miller. She seems to be all that is sweet and womanly at times: at others as haughty and arrogant as one like her could be."

"How she looked at me this morning—with less favor than she would have accorded to a dog. And yet I am ready to make every excuse. She is now in another rank of life to mine, and I am one of the crowd of men who obey her father's orders as if they were so many laws."

"Well," he continued, with a half-laugh, "I do not have many pleasures here; surely I may revel in the sweets of love, one which the lady will never know."

He sat looking at the little packet and mentally gazing at the picture of the scene just closed in.

Pain on seeing her contempt—pleasure at being so near her so long—almost wrapped in the folds of her dress—which was it? And Dick—poor old Dick—standing there, as stolid and unmoved as if it were nothing to be near her—to wait upon her—watching her every desire, and being at hand to satisfy that want.

"Why did I not take the chance when it offered? Why did I let him be chosen? But no: I could not stoop to that?"

"Not even to be near her?"

He raised the hand which held the packet, and began slowly to unbutton his tunic.

"No," he said, softly; "that would have been indulging myself, with results that—Ah, Chip, I did not hear you come."

"Not likely," said the trumpeter, sullenly. "Too much taken up with your love-letter."

"Love-letter?"

"Yes: that one," said Chip, sharply, and he pointed to the packet.

Rob obeyed his first instinct, which was to crush the packet in his hand, but only to flush angrily, for Chip uttered a low, mocking laugh.

"There! you need not be ashamed of it," he said, as he gazed searchingly in Rob's frowning face. "Does she speak very nicely, and make an appointment?"

"Don't ask questions, boy, nor yet jump at conclusions."

"Why not?" cried Chip, with his eyes flashing.

"I thought we were friends enough for that. Do you want to quarrel?"

"Not I," said Rob, smiling, and with his annoyance passing off. "Not I, Chip, my lad. One ought not to quarrel with one's friends."

"Friends, eh?"

"Yes, friends," said Rob, laughing now. "Did you think I was poaching on your preserves? Why, Chip, you surely have not begun to think of sweetheating yet."

"What's that to you?" cried the lad, sharply. "If I did, I should not go sitting about, looking stupid, with the girl's love-letter in my hand."

"This is not a love-letter, Chip," said Rob, quietly; "only a little packet of something I wish to preserve."

"It's not true."

Rob colored a little.

"Very well, my lad; if you do not believe me

that is not my fault. I told you the truth."

As he spoke he laid the packet on the table by his elbow, smoothed it, folded it in another piece of paper very slowly and deliberately, and placed it in his pocket, with Chip watching him all the time.

"There!" he said, as he finished, and he looked pleasantly in Chip's frowning face.

"I beg your pardon, Rob!" cried the trumpeter, holding out his hand in a quick, impulsive way.

"Granted, Chip, my lad," said Rob, taking the extended hand. "Then you believe what I say?"

"Yes, of course."

"But suppose it had been a love-letter, Chip, why should you have minded, unless the note was from a lady attached to you?"

"What?" cried Chip.

"There, don't be offended, my lad. You and I must not quarrel; and besides, you are far too young to think of such things as that."

"That's more than you know," retorted Chip.

"Well, let's change the subject."

"No, don't let's change the subject!" cried Chip; "and let me give you a bit of advice. You are making enemies in the regiment, Rob Black, more than you think, and some day—"

"Gently, O trumpet-tongued prophet!" cried Rob, laughing.

"You may laugh and make fun of me, Rob Black, but some day you will think of what I say, and—"

He did not finish, but turned and hurried out of the long barrack-room, leaving Rob thoughtful and dreamy.

"He's a strange lad," he said to himself, "and sharp enough to see anything, but surely—Oh, impossible! He believes I am after little Nelly, and I suppose the beardless young rascal is thinking of her himself."

To divert his thoughts he turned to the private soldier's eternal task of brightening his accoutrements—a task which the martinet considers never done; while Chip walked hurriedly towards the married women's quarters, where the first person he encountered was Private Dann.

"Going in, Chip, my lad?" he said.

"Yes."

"Then take my advice," he said, mysteriously: "don't go."

"Why?"

"Because she"—he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder—"is in one of her tantrums. Better stop away."

"She will not say much to me," said Chip, going on.

"You don't know, my lad. But, I say," he added, mysteriously, "you haven't got a sixpence about you, have you, Chip?"

Chip looked at him disdainfully, and thrust his hand into his pocket.

"A man must have his bit o' bacca and glass o' beer, my lad; and when she stops it just because she's put out, it gets rather hard on a chap. Thanky, my lad. I'll pay you again some day."

Chip stood watching him till he turned in, and then, sadly, and with a peculiarly dreary aspect, entered the room where his mother was filling the place, as usual, with an odor of ironed garments belonging to one of the officers.

"Ah, Chip! Did you meet your father?"

"Yes, mother."

"Did he ask you for money?"

"Yes, mother."

"But you didn't give him any?"

Chip nodded.

"Why, how silly! Oh, how could you, when he has spent more than his allowance this week, and you've been—Oh, Chip! What is the matter? Aren't you well?"

"Well?"

Mrs. Dann left her iron upon the front of one of Hesselton's dress-shirts and ran to the trumpeter, so piteous was that one word.

"What is it?"

"Oh, mother! mother! How could you?"

wailed Chip, as he threw himself in a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Chip! Hush!" she cried, with a guilty look round.

"Hush? Yes, I must hush, and go on hiding what is my misery and shame."

"Don't, don't reproach me, Chip! It was to save you from misery and me from the workhouse. Don't, don't blame me now!"

"Blame you? No, I don't blame you, dear. I only wish that I was dead."

"Chip, Chip, my darling," sobbed the unhappy woman, throwing herself upon her knees and winding her arms around the trumpeter's sturdy form, "forgive me, pray, pray forgive me! I was tempted when I wasn't strong, and I fell; and I've been punished ever since. What—what shall I do?"

"Do, mother? We can do nothing, only go on suffering to the end."

"But, my darling, tell me. Have you been thinking of him again?"

Chip raised a flushed and tear-stained face, so full of woe and despair, that Mrs. Dann read the truth without further words.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" she moaned. "What is to come of it all? I thought her ladyship suffered most when she lost her little one. She can't have suffered more than I have for what I've done."

"Hush, mother!" groaned Chip.

"Only tell me what to do, dear, and I'll speak out and take my punishment as a woman should."

"No, mother, no. It is too late. The shame of it—the shame!"

The tears came fast as Chip—who, to keep up her character, had become the best and most daring rider, the cleverest handler of sword and lance, and by a long way the most deadly shot in the regiment—sat there thinking of the struggle going on, and of how, in spite of every effort, that one passion which sways us all had obtained the mastery and come upon her like a curse.

There was silence in the homely place, only

broken from time to time by one of Mrs. Dann's sobs. What time the flat-iron slowly burned its way in an indelible mark into the shirt-front, leaving there a dark-brown brand like an inverted Templar's shield.

"Chip," whispered Mrs. Dann at last, "only tell me what I am to do and it shall be done."

"Wait, mother; neither you nor I can stir. Some day we shall be found out, but I pray every night that before then I may be dead."

CHAPTER XXXI.—A DESPERATE BATTLE.

REMEMBERS of the proceedings at the War Office were forgotten for a time, for, after a good many false alarms, the news spread rapidly that the men of Moreton were out, though there was no wonder at this rapid spreading, for the alarm came like an unexpected thunderstorm.

The warnings had been given by a few lurid flashes, just as a Summer storm is heralded in such a way, and then with one burst the tempest was upon them.

The first report that reached the barracks, that the workmen from the various ironworks in the town and neighborhood had risen, was hardly heeded. The officers were seated at the mess-dinner, and the news was calmly discussed.

Sir Philip was in high good humor, for Miller seemed to have forgotten the trouble on the day of the sports, and the old officer's heart warmed more towards the young man as he saw that his daughter treated him coldly.

He recalled the old days at his father's seat, and his own doubts and troubles, though at the same time that he felt leniently disposed towards a man suffering from disappointment, he could not help a glow of satisfaction.

"I don't think Hulda would be happy with him," he said to himself; "and I don't think she would care much for Hesselton. Too much of the male goose about him. Perhaps, though, I was as bad at his age."

He smiled at his thoughts as he sat at the head of the mess-table, surrounding himself with a cloud of smoke and mentally gazing backward, with his eyes half closed and apparently fixed upon Miller, who was listening to a story being told by Dr. Granton.

"Miller—Hesselton," he thought. "Well, though I can't see it, poor old Anthony and I were very similar. All those years ago. I don't feel very wise now; and as I've been learning ever since, I must have been as weak as Hesselton then. Yes, just such a fellow," he continued, turning his eyes on the lieutenant. "Ah, poor old Anthony!" he thought, after a pause. "It was very hard on him; but he did behave like a blackguard, and it was like a punishment to him. Wrecked his life, one may say, and—no, hang it all! It was not my fault. What do you say, White?"

His servant had come softly behind his chair and was speaking close to his ear.

"Her ladyship said I was to tell you quietly, sir, in case it was a false alarm. Her ladyship and Miss Hulda were sitting at the open window, and there's a great glare of light over the town, and they can hear shouting."

"Bless my soul! A fire?"

At that moment the clangor of one of the church-bells came softly through the window, to be followed directly by that from another tower, spreading the alarm far and wide.

"Gentlemen," cried the colonel, rising, "my servant has brought the news of a fire in the town. Let's have the engine manned, and a strong detachment marched down to see if we can be of any assistance."

Every man leaped to his feet, and ten minutes later the engine was rattling out of the barrack-gates followed by a detachment of a hundred men.

No guidance was needed, for, at a distance of about half a mile, there was the ruddy glow of what was evidently a fierce fire, while over the tops of the houses the golden clouds of smoke were rolling, and great flakes and patches of light burning matter floated before the breeze.

As the air set towards the huge fire, so ran the people; and at last the crowd grew so dense, it was with some difficulty the engine could be got forward. It reached the broad market-place, though, at last, and a terrible spectacle presented itself. One of the largest buildings in the town was alight from basement to roof, and from its many windows the flames were rushing forth in a way which made the three apparently golden threads of water, poured from as many shining branches, seem a mere irritant sent into the blazing pile to make the raging flames hiss.

The great open space was literally paved with heads, and as the lancers with the barrack-engine approached, they were received with a hearty cheer; but the next moment the officers in charge became aware of the fact that there was an inimical element present, for a deep groan arose, mingled with hooting, and a dense crowd of young workmen opposed themselves to the further progress of the engine.

"Here, give way, my lads, give way!" shouted Captain Miller, pressing forward on horseback, and the engine progressed a little further; but a fresh burst of hooting and yelling arose; they came to a standstill once more, and from his position of vantage, Miller read the meaning of the cries as he saw in the brilliant golden light shed by the burning building that the action of the town fire-engine already at work had been staid.

"Let her burn!" roared a stentorian voice. "Keep back there, swaddies; we're going to let her burn."

A tremendous burst of cheering followed, and Miller needed no telling that the large blaze before him was the work of an incendiary, and that the intention of the men on strike was to wreak vengeance upon their employers.

"Ay, let her burn!" cried the man with the loud voice; "and we'll have some more of 'em going before long."

There was another roar of satisfaction at this, and amidst a burst of cheering the mob upset the engine which had been playing upon the fire, and the hose was cut and thrown about.

The glare of the flames made all this plainly visible, and the intoxication of a successful mob bent upon mischief and destruction spread. The constabulary of the place were perfectly helpless, and as the well-disposed people of the neighborhood looked on at the scene lit up by the lurid glow, and listened to the wild yelling of the rioters, it seemed as if the destruction begun might have no end.

The scene grew minute by minute more weird, the flames hissed and roared, and every now and then from the blazing pile came a crash and a roar, followed by a whirlwind of sparks and flames, which rushed eddying up into the orange clouds of smoke. For the various floors of the great building were burdened with machinery, which came thundering down as the woodwork was charred.

"Now then, lads!" shouted the man with the stentorian voice; "the swaddies' engine; and let's send 'em back to barracks."

"Ay, they're not wanted here!" shouted another; and, with a burst of yells, the crowd which hemmed the detachment in began to press upon them and threatened to drive them away.

Whatever Captain Miller's faults might be, cowardice in the face of the enemy was not one that he could show, while the opposition he was meeting irritated him so, that he was ready to make his horse rear and plunge, and force his way through the crowd.

Then he hesitated, for his instructions were to try and extinguish the flames, not to create a new blaze of human passion.

His men were behind him, and waiting orders, with the mob inconveniently pressing upon them, while one man seized his charger's bridle and tried to back the horse.

"Now, lads, down with them, and over wi' th' engine!" shouted a man.

There was another burst of yells, and in answer to the call the rioters made a dash forward.

But at the same moment Miller gave the short, sharp command to advance, and led the way by putting spurs to his horse.

The lancers cheered, and with the force given by discipline and the weight of the engine once set in motion, they dashed on through the lane made by Captain Miller's horse, the crowd giving way right and left.

Miller's goal was a spot in front of the fire where the water from the town-mains shot up like a fountain, and there, at all hazards, he meant to plant the engine, and make the greater portion of his men form a guard, while the others endeavored, as he saw hopelessly, to check the flames.

The detachment answered his call with plenty of determination, but they had not gone thirty yards before the whole party had become wedged in, and were brought to a halt.

"Back! Back!" roared Miller, as he spurred his horse, and the frightened beast reared and plunged, striking out in obedience to his rider's efforts; but though the mob recoiled for a few moments in the neighborhood of the horse, they returned directly with a rush and pressed close to the animal, which responded no more to the bit and spur, but stood motionless, snorting and shivering with fear.

By this time the soldiers were hard at work defending the engine, but in a helpless way, for they had no room to move, and before they could realize what was about to take place, the rioters were tearing out the hose from where it lay rolled in rings.

"Down with them, lads—down with them!" shouted the stentor of the party; "we don't want them soldiers here."

There was another burst of cheering and yelling, a fresh rush, the soldiers were rendered helpless, and began to lose their temper as they were jammed up against the engine, the rough ironworkers and men from the other factories around being now mingled with them, so that discipline and the power of co-operation were gone.

In the midst of the struggle, while Captain Miller, Hesselton and others were shouting orders which were unheard in the general roar and confusion, Rob Black, who had been, in company with Thompson, Sergeants O'Rourke and Slack, and Chip Tarn, separated from the rest of his party, suddenly saw, by the ruddy glow which seemed to turn the fire-engine into a mass of red-hot metal, one of the mob—a great, black-bearded, soot-grimed fellow—clamber upon the engine and cut the straps which held the burnished copper branch or nozzle of the hose in its place.

"Hooray, lads!" shouted the great fellow, flourishing the bright metal tube, which formed a terrible weapon in his hands. "Down with them! Send 'em back to the barracks!"

"Here! Seize that man!" shouted the captain; and, excited by the struggle, Rob was one of the first to dash at him, followed by Chip and Sergeant O'Rourke.

But the effort failed. The crowd about them was too great, and amidst the crackling and roaring of the flames, the shouting and yelling of the rioters, and the angry curses of the soldiery, a heaving, swaying mass of men could be seen about the glowing engine, their eyes flashing in the brilliant light, and the scene growing into a weird representation of Pandemonium, the blackened faces of the rioters helping the illusion.

Now the soldiers gained a little the upper hand, and tried to protect the engine, but they were routed and separated directly, for the man who held the glistening branch used it savagely, and struck at his opponents who tried to get the weapon away, man after man going down, till the engine was completely in the hands of the mob, who at once mounted upon it, cheering and yelling defiance.

"Hesselton!" shouted Miller, who was face to face with the disgrace of going back without the engine, thoroughly defeated. "Help me, lad; get the men together, and let's make a dash for it."

"How?" grumbled Hesselton, who was holding his hand to a cut upon his cheek. "Let us get out of the cursed scrimmage."

"No, no. Here! Rally! Rally! This way, my lads!"

About a dozen struggled to him as well as they could, and, driving his heels into his horse's flanks, he strove to force it onward so as to lead the men to the rescue of the engine upon which the rioters now swarmed.

"Now, my lads," shouted the big fellow who held the branch, "lend a hand and run the thing right into the fire."

There was a cheer at this: those who had mounted upon the engine jumped down, and as many as could lay a hand upon it began to thrust.

The engine was already in motion, a lane being opened for its progress to the fire, when Miller and the men who could join him approached, fighting their way fiercely until they were within a couple of yards, when the horse stopped, snorting and shivering, unable to move, and the man who held the branch leaped down into the crowd.

"Now, then!" he said. "At 'em, lads! Make the swaddies run, or we'll shove them in the fire too!"

He struck out with his glistening weapon, and a man went down. Another blow, and Sergeant O'Rourke staggered backward, with his shoulder numbed, the unarmed soldiers giving way before the rioters, many of whom carried stout sticks.

Miller uttered a yell of impotent rage, and rose in his stirrups to strike with his riding-whip at the nearest rioter, unaware of the fact that the man with the branch had fought his way to his side.

Another moment and a crashing blow would have struck him from his horse, but Rob Black wrested himself partly free, reached over Chip Tarn in the act, and managed to plant a tremendous blow on the great rioter's ear.

It did not bring him down, but it saved Miller, for the stroke from the copper branch fell short, merely striking the pommel of the military saddle, while the great fellow stood half stunned and shaking his head.

Before he could recover himself, Rob had seized the branch, wrested it from the man's hand, brought it down upon his head, and then struck with it right and left.

"Keep close behind me, Chip, my lad!" cried Rob, excitedly. "Make for the engine and climb on. Now, my lads, forward!"

"Curse the fellow!" muttered Miller, as the men cheered, and as Rob advanced, backed him up, so that they reached the engine, while Miller did not attempt to move.

"Is that the colonel, sir?" said a low, snarling voice, close to him.

"Ah, Slack, you?" cried Miller; and for a moment or two the pair gazed at each other and then at the fight going on a few yards away, where Rob had reached the engine, and, well supported by O'Rourke and as many as could get near, was making a desperate effort to recover the lost ground.

"One's chance comes," said Miller, "if one can only wait. Curse him! they'll kill him if I don't interfere."

He gazed wildly at where Rob was making a desperate struggle, for the chances were that the next minute he and his companions would be beaten down and probably murdered by the infuriated mob.

"And if I interfere I may be served the same," said Miller to himself, and a peculiar smile came upon his lip. "Well, the regiment would be cooler without Robert Black."

(To be continued.)

BASEBALL AT THE NEW YORK POLO GROUNDS.

THE non-sporting reader—if there be any such in these palmy days of "the diamond," the turf and the American racing-yacht—may obtain an idea of the importance and popularity of the national game of baseball by looking at the comprehensive picture on page 300, which most New Yorkers will recognize as a faithful representation of the scene at the Polo Grounds, above Central Park, during a great League or Association game. This extensive and picturesque inclosure can—and quite frequently does—accommodate a multitude of from 12,000 to 15,000 spectators. For two hours and a half—the average duration of a game—this vast assemblage is kept at a high pitch of excitement, resembling that aroused by the unfolding of a stage drama of masterly construction. Every point scored, every fine hit or other bit of masterly play by the stalwart, uniformed professionals, brings a mighty storm of demonstrative applause. Occasions like that of Saturday, the 9th inst., when the Chicago Club defeated the New York "Giants" by a score of 8 to 3, or last Wednesday, when the Detroiters accomplished a similar feat, scoring 8 to New York's 6, may be somewhat depressing to local pride, but good playing never lacks appreciation, no matter where or by whom it is done.

The spectators who crowd to see these splendid ball-games pay an admission fee of fifty cents a head, and a large proportion of them disburse another half-dollar for the privilege of the grand stand. It is, therefore, easy to account for the salaries of from \$3,000 to \$5,000 per annum which are paid to the average professional players; while nothing is thought nowadays of paying a bonus of \$5,000, \$10,000, or even more, in order to secure some pitcher or other player deemed essential to the make-up of an invincible club.

POLITICAL CLUB EXPENSES AT ST. LOUIS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Record writes: "The cost to some of the visiting clubs to the Democratic Convention was very heavy. Tammany Hall spent \$30,000 to bring its 356 members to St. Louis, and the 219 members of the County

Democracy laid out nearly \$20,000 more for their attendance at the Convention. This only includes the actual expenses of the two delegations—railroad fare, hotel bill and suit. Each delegation had adjoining headquarters on the first floor of the Southern Hotel, and they vied with each other in serving refreshments to their callers. Though they kept open house all day and night, they were surpassed in lavish hospitality by the California delegation. Some 60 odd members from the Golden State arrived on the Saturday before the Convention, and the first thing they did was to hang out the Thurman colors and then establish a bar. Their rooms were on the ground-floor of the Southern, and the wine flowed so freely that the 125 cases of champagne which comprised their stock were gone before Tuesday. But plenty more was obtained, and no man ever visited their rooms and came away thirsty. The Californians soon became the most popular delegation at the Convention. Their expenses could not have been less than \$12,000 or \$15,000.

"The Samuel J. Randall Association spent \$6,000 to bring its 56 members here, and the organization of the same name of Pittsburgh paid \$2,400 for the fun they had by their trip. The Calumet Club, of Baltimore, had nearly 100 members along, who, while not otherwise engaged in cheering for Senator Gorman or in parading the streets to the tune of "Away Down in Dixie," passed the time in calling at the headquarters of the other visiting clubs. While the club was on its way West it picked up a little Englishman who had been in the country only two days. He played a tin fife finely, and the Calumets treated him so well, that instead of dropping off at Pittsburgh, his destination, he accompanied them to St. Louis. Here they bought him a suit of clothes, and he was at their service at any hour of the day or night. Crowds of 25 or more would place the little fifer at their head and march from one hotel to another until they grew weary. He got all he wanted to eat and drink, and the fun and hilarity were so continuous that he asked the members if this sort of thing was to be found in other cities. They assured him that it was the same all over the country. The fifer became so astounded that he declared he had often heard of the good times in this country, but his experience was so 'bloody blooming good' that he was simply overpowered with astonishment. When the club left, he had to go along with them to Baltimore, so infatuated had he become with the Marylanders."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LIGHTNING can be seen by reflection a distance of 200 miles.

ACCORDING to Pasteur and Chamberland, the typhoid bacillus is, in 99 cases out of 100, communicated through drinking water.

A MAN in Washington Territory has patented an ingenious telephone, whereby it is possible to detect the presence of metal in rocks.

SULFONAL is the name of a new hypnotic used to produce sleep. The average dose in the beginning is fifteen grains, which may be gradually increased to sixty grains. It promises to be especially useful in the treatment of mental disorders.

DR. W. A. McCORM, of the New York City Asylum for the Insane, has found hyoscyamine, subcutaneously administered, a very useful remedy in quieting mania, and attended with less unpleasant symptoms than are chloral or the bromides.

ELECTRICITY is to be enlisted in the investigation of the purity of water. The voltmeter fails to show any current passing through chemically pure water. As saline or acid contamination increases, the conductivity of the medium grows greater.

TO DETECT the leakage of gas, Dr. Bunte, in the Canadian Magazine of Science, suggests the use of paper dipped in palladium chloride solution. Such paper changes its color in the presence of gas coming from leaks imperceptible by the odor, and which produce no effect upon the earth covering the pipes.

THE San Francisco Medical Journal says it is stated that oil of bay is used in Switzerland by butchers to keep their shops free from flies; and that after a coat of the oil has been applied to the walls none of these troublesome pests venture to put in an appearance. This remedy has also been tried and found effectual in the south of France in preserving gilt frames, chandeliers, etc., from becoming soiled. It is remarked that flies soon avoid the rooms where this application has been employed.

THE Electrical Review says: "The most blasé fish that ever wore scales and shunned a baited hook will draw near in thrilled wonderment to an electric light submerged in his native element, and so be allured to his fate. The United States steamer Albatross has been fitted with electric fishing-lights for the conduct of scientific research, and preliminary experiments with these lights have revealed the fact that the curiosity of fish to investigate this unwonted radiance brings them to the light in shoals."

SOME German scientists who have made a personal investigation of the quality of Indiana limestone and clay suitable for the manufacture of Portland cement, report that the quality surpasses their expectation. Their tests show that cement manufactured from material found near Indianapolis is superior to that manufactured in Germany and now largely imported into this country on account of its excellent quality. Cement which costs \$1.25 per barrel to make in Germany can be made in Indiana for 83 cents.

A VERY valuable insulating material, described in the Chronique Industrielle, has just been produced. It is composed of one part Greek pitch and two parts burnt plaster, by weight, the latter being pure gypsum, raised to a high temperature and plunged in water. This mixture when hot is a homogeneous, viscous paste, and can be applied by a brush or cast in molds; it is amber-colored, possesses the insulating properties of ebonite, and can be turned and polished. Its advantage is its endurance of great heat and moisture without injuring its insulating properties.

IN the London Standard is an account of a German doctor's investigations as to the size of men's and women's hearts. The masculine heart weighs more and is larger than that possessed by the fair sex. A heart, it would appear, grows most quickly during the first and second years of life, and between the second and seventh years it doubles in size. Until after the fiftieth year the heart still grows a little. In childhood the male and female heart are the same size; but after manhood the masculine heart develops much more than the female, and ends by being two square inches larger than the latter.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE graduating class of cadets at West Point this year numbered forty-four.

A CONFERENCE of all the Protestant missionary societies in the world is in session in London.

It is reported that agents of the Mormon Church have recently purchased 400,000 acres of land in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico.

POLICEMAN SULLIVAN, wounded by the anarchist bombs at the Haymarket riot in Chicago, died last week after two years of suffering.

LOCUSTS have appeared in great numbers in Iowa, Illinois and Minnesota. The authorities are fighting them with petroleum and tar.

THE Johns Hopkins University graduated, last week, 33 new bachelors of art and 26 doctors of philosophy—the largest class ever sent from its halls.

THE Pennsylvania delegation to the Republican National Convention will present Mayor Edwin H. Fittler, of Philadelphia, as their candidate for the Presidency.

A RESOLUTION looking to economy in the Admiralty was passed by the British House of Commons, last week, by a vote of 113 to 94—the Government opposing.

THE Naval Appropriation Bill will contain an item of \$625,000 for the League Island Navy Yard and \$6,000,000 for the construction and armament of three new ships-of-war.

THE elections in Belgium are resulting in favor of the Catholic party. The Catholics have gained two Liberal seats, and in Antwerp all their candidates have been re-elected.

THERE is a movement to have the grade of Lieutenant-general revived for the benefit of Major-general Schofield, who would succeed Sheridan in command in the event of the latter's decease.

THE new Japanese Minister at Washington was in 1877 sent to prison for five years for a political offense. During his confinement he translated John Stuart Mill's works on political economy into Japanese.

THE fact that there are no lobsters in the waters of the Northwest coast has induced the United States Fish Commission to attempt their introduction. The crustaceans will be planted in the Bay of San Francisco.

THE total amount of coal mined in the United States in 1887, exclusive of slack coal thrown on the dumps, was 129,925,557 short tons (increase 17,182,154); with a total value of \$182,491,837 (increase \$27,891,661).

THE big draw of the Arthur Kill Bridge, between the New Jersey shore and Staten Island, was swung for the first time last week. The draw is the longest and heaviest in the world, being 500 feet in length and weighing 650 tons.

DISPATCHES from Algeria state that the locusts are advancing in a compact mass over twelve miles long by six in breadth. A panic prevails in the Province of Constantine. The Valley of Guelma has been devastated by the locusts.

THE police department of Baltimore has just finished taking a census of the population of that city, including the newly annexed sections, and the result shows the number of inhabitants to be 416,805, of whom 64,509 are colored.

MR. CHANDLER has introduced in the United States Senate a resolution for an investigation of the last State Convention in Louisiana, with a view of determining whether Senator Gibson was legitimately re-elected by the State Legislature.

IN the Senate last week Mr. Sherman reported a resolution requesting the President to invite negotiations for the settlement by arbitration of any controversy between the United States and all Governments with which it has diplomatic relations.

THE Civil-service Commission has submitted to the President the plan of a new classification of the employees of the departmental, postal and customs service. This proposed classification extends the limits of the classified service so as to include all the clerks and other employees above the grade of laborer.

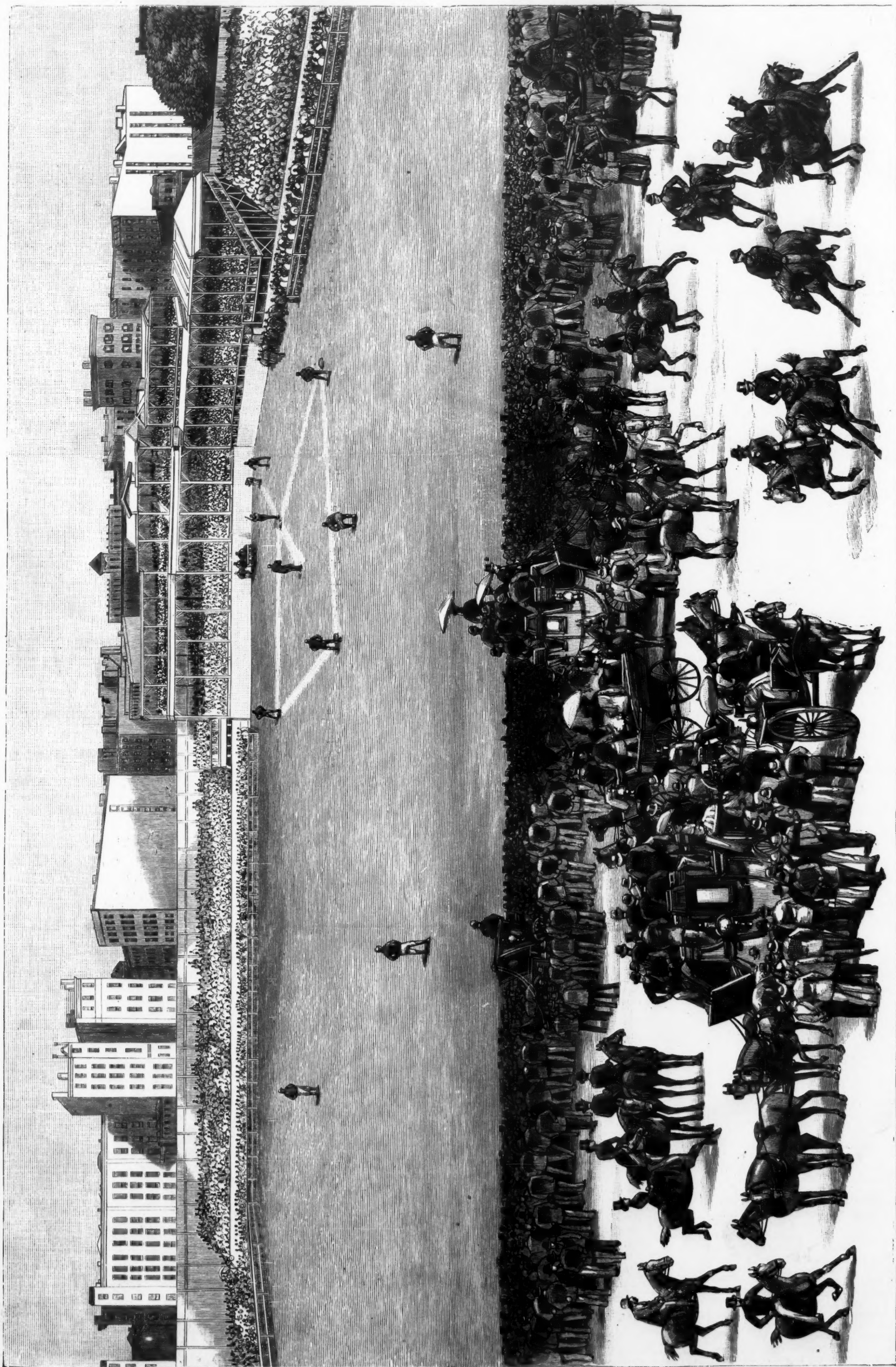
THE monument to the Chicago policemen who fell in the Haymarket massacre will be erected in Union Park. The design will be that of a female figure, austere, draped, holding aloft an open book. The figure is law; the book, the statutes. The pose bespeaks the triumph of order over anarchy; the book proclaims that in the commonwealth the law is supreme.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed in Philadelphia to arrange for the erection in Fairmount Park of a memorial to the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitutional Convention. The monument will probably consist of a grand arch, having at its base thirteen arches, six Southern and six Northern States being on the sides of the Keystone State.

MR. CHANDLER has introduced into the United States Senate a Bill appropriating \$150,000 for the development and encouragement of silk-culture in the United States. It creates a division of silk-culture in the Department of Agriculture, and authorizes the establishment of experimental silk-culture stations throughout the country. It provides for the free distribution to the farmers and others of mulberry-seed and silkworm-eggs.

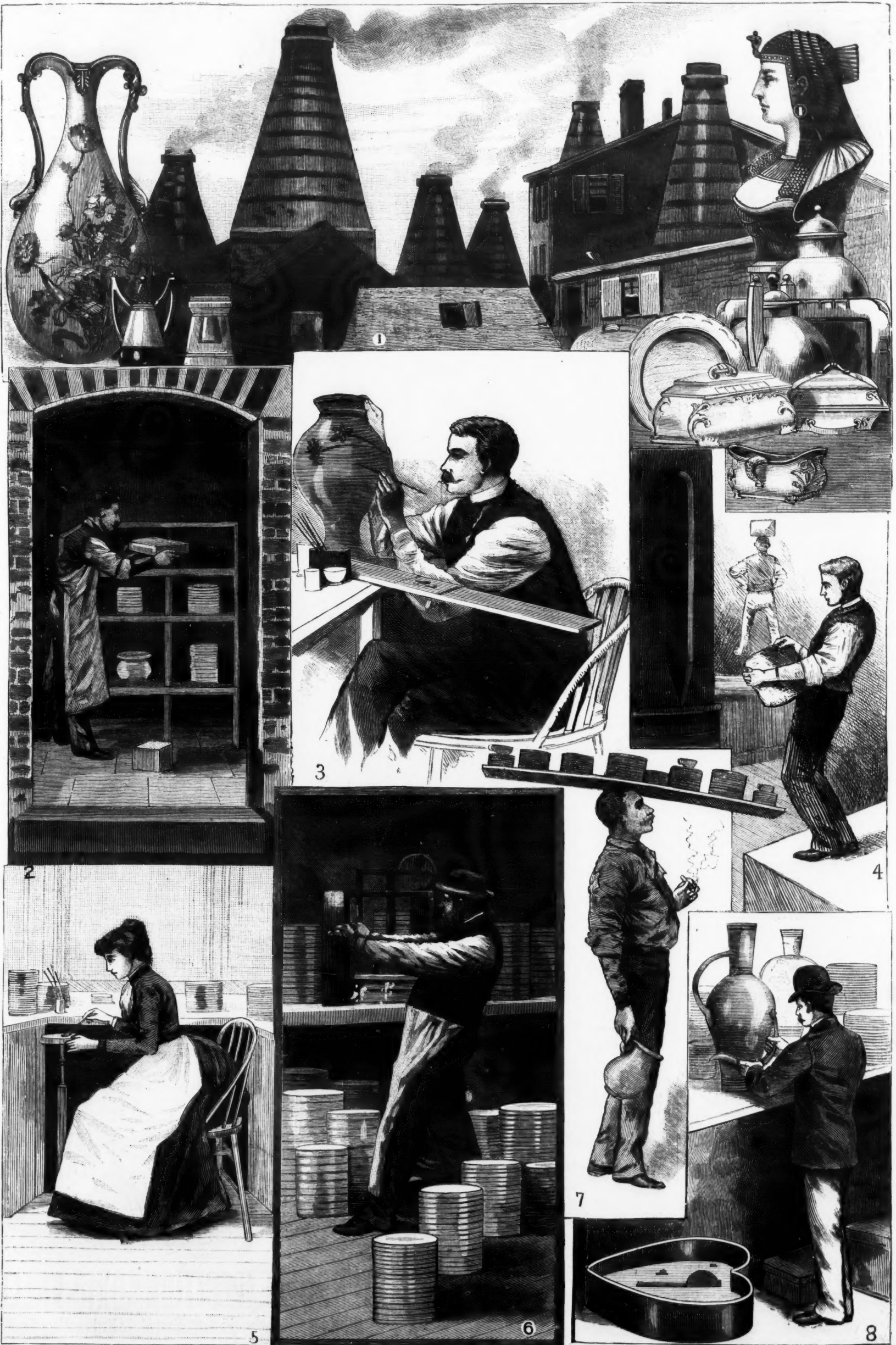
ACCORDING to official reports presented to the General Synod of the Reformed Church, lately in session at Catskill, N. Y., there are thirty-four classes in the denomination, 546 churches and 555 ministers. The number of communicants now in the Church is 86,332; infants baptized last year, 4,751; adults, 1,491; benevolent contributions, \$284,902—nearly \$53,000 increase. There was raised \$969,847 for congregational purposes, an increase of over \$50,000. There are 144 Sabbath-schools, with a total enrollment of 99,163.

A HARRISBURG judge has sentenced one Albert Miller to two months' imprisonment in the county jail for kissing his sweetheart on the street. Miller, in his own defense, said that the young lady was his affianced; that since paying attentions to her he had frequently kissed her, and she seemed to enjoy it, and he did not think she would revolt when he kissed her on the street. The judge said that there was a material difference between kissing a young lady in her own parlor and committing the act of osculation in a public place, and he would give him two months' time to learn what that difference was.



BASEBALL IN NEW YORK CITY.—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE POLO GROUND, WITH A MATCH GAME IN PROGRESS.

FROM A SKETCH BY STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 290.



1. THE FURNACES OR KILNS. 2. INTERIOR OF THE GLAZING-FURNACE. 3. DECORATING VASES. 4. CHARGING A KILN. 5. GILT-BANDING TABLE-WARE. 6. PRESSING OUT OR STAMPING THE WARE. 7. CARRYING TO THE DIPPING-ROOM. 8. PUTTING THE WARE TOGETHER.

NEW JERSEY.—THE POTTERY INDUSTRY OF TRENTON—THE PROCESSES OF FINE-WARE MANUFACTURE ILLUSTRATED.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 294.

A MEMORIAL TO PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

The Tiffany Glass Company has just completed a memorial window to the late President Arthur, to be placed by his friends in Trinity Church, Lenox, Mass. The design is of Byzantine character. In the centre there is a golden cross, surrounded by grapevines in fruit, with four white doves perched on the branches. The background is deep blue, gradually growing lighter toward the top. In the arch at the top the seven-branched candlestick is introduced, with Alpha and Omega on either side. At the base there is a panel of Titian red, surrounded by dark amber jewels, upon which appears the following inscription: "In loving memory of Chester Alan Arthur, twenty-first President of the United States. Born Oct. 5, 1829. Died Nov. 18, 1886. And finally after this life to attain everlasting joy and felicity through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

As a whole, the window produces a singularly harmonious combination of rich warm yellows, purples, deep blues, dark rubies, and grays. It measures nine feet high by five feet wide, and contains several thousand pieces of glass, which are wrought together in such a manner as to produce the effect desired without painting.

RUSSIAN RECLAMATION OF WASTE LANDS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Press says: "Almost simultaneously with the publication of the telegram announcing the completion and opening of the railroad to Samarcand, in Central Asia, there appeared in Washington an agent of the Russian Government sent to the United States to examine and report upon American methods of cotton-culture. Mr. S. J. Rauner, 'attached,' according to the legend upon his card, 'to the ministry of the Russian Imperial household,' is now gathering information and obtaining letters of introduction preparatory to making an extended tour through the cotton belt of the South.

"The land system of Russia is very different from that of the United States. There, all uncultivated land belongs to the State, and land once under culture and owned by individuals reverts to the State if it is allowed to remain uncultivated for three years. The Merv oasis in Central Asia might become a very fertile region, but, like much of the land in the Far West of this country, it needs irrigation to make it productive. Through this district flows the Murghab River for a distance of 300 or 400 miles, until it loses itself in the sands of the steppe. It is the purpose of the Russian Government, by the construction of a great system of canals, to utilize all the water of the lands of the broad valley, and thus convert what is now to a great extent a desert into a very productive agricultural region.

"The plan is to sell these lands to the people at moderate yearly rentals, the amount charged, however, being sufficient to pay the interest on the cost of the irrigation works and a small annual sinking fund to be applied to the principal. When the latter is extinguished, then the land is to belong to the tenant. The tract of land which the Russian Government proposes to reclaim will be of immense value as a base of supplies in any future military operations in the direction of India."

VALUABLE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FINDS.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS have been unusually fortunate in their late work. Herr Schick, at Jerusalem, has just lighted upon a supposed ditch of the long-contested second wall of the city, and has made other discoveries with reference to Constantine's church which will compel the rewriting of the guidebooks. The French School at Mantinet have discovered a large circular building of the Roman period with bronze coins and inscribed terra-cotta tablets representing theatre tickets.

The most interesting work, however, is that of Petrie in Fayum, Egypt. He has been tunneling through a dilapidated brick pyramid at Hawara, near the site of the great labyrinth which Herodotus described and Strabo declared to have been equal in magnitude to the pyramids. The brick pyramid proves to be the unopened tomb of Amenemhat III. After tunneling a long way through the hill, Petrie has come upon a stone gallery, with walls twelve feet thick, leading down into the native rock, which was evidently excavated to contain the cone of the structure. The tomb is yet unentered, work having been stopped, as usual, by the hot season. It is expected, however, in addition to the body of a new Pharaoh, to contain much valuable information concerning the period of which so little is known.

A GREEK CHURCH AT CHICAGO.

THE Greek Catholics of Chicago are about to build a church of their own. It will be the third Greek Catholic church in the United States, there being one in San Francisco and another in New Orleans. Some time ago the Servians, Greeks, Bulgarians and Russians who have made Chicago their home sent a petition to the Russian Minister in Washington requesting him to induce the Russian Government to concede to the building of a Greek Catholic church in Chicago and to send a priest there. A prominent Servian received a letter from the Greek-Catholic bishop in San Francisco recently, advising his co-religionists in that city to come together and find out the actual number of the believers in the Greek Catholic faith and send a list of them to the Synod in St. Petersburg. The Synod is willing to contribute to the maintenance of a church in Chicago.

THURMAN AND CONKLING.

The New York Sun says: "Judge Thurman and Mr. Conkling were great friends. They used to go up to the Hot Springs in Virginia for their rheumatism when both were in the Senate, and enjoy themselves hugely. Judge Thurman would often say, 'Conkling is mighty good company when he chooses.' A scene once occurred between them in the Senate that is perhaps the most graphic and graceful instance of the retort courteous on record. It isn't a new story, by any means, but it is true, and it is a first-rate story, too. Mr. Conkling was one day making a speech, during which he repeatedly turned to Judge Thurman and addressed remarks to him. They were not always of a very gratifying nature, and Judge Thurman, who is a peppery old gentleman, at last lost his temper.

"Does the Senator from New York," he roared, "expect me to answer him every time he turns to me?"

"For a moment Mr. Conkling hesitated, and

everybody expected a terrific explosion. Then, with an air of exquisite courtesy, he replied: 'When I speak of the law I turn to the Senator from Ohio as the Mussulman turns towards Mecca. I turn to him as I do to the English common law, as the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence.'

"The Democrats gave a rousing cheer, and Judge Thurman walked over on the Republican side and shook hands with Conkling."

A LIST OF ALUM BAKING-POWDERS.

THE following are the names of some of the baking-powders published by the public authorities as being made from alum:

Kenton,	Davis,
Silver Star,	A. & P.
Forest City,	Henkle,
One Spoon,	Ne Plus Ultra,
Patapasco,	Enterprise,
Empire,	Can't be Beat,
Gold,	Eureka,
Veteran,	International,
Cook's Favorite,	Puritan,
Sun Flower,	Albany Favorite,
Jersey,	Golden Sheaf,
Buckeye,	Burnett's Perfect,
Peerless,	State,
Crown,	Silver King,
Wheeler's,	Welcome,
Carleton,	Old Colony,
Gem,	Crystal,
Scioto,	Centennial,
Zipp's Grape Crystal,	Gem,
Geo. Washington,	Windsor,
Fleur de Lis,	Sovereign,
Feather Weight,	Daisy.

There are doubtless many other brands of alum baking-powder besides those so far examined and named by the authorities. Most of the baking-powders sold in bulk, by weight, and all sold with a gift or present, are said to be of this description. Prof. Wiley, Chemist-in-Chief of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., says: "The use of alum in baking-powders in large quantity, in place of other acid salts, should be prohibited by law."

NEW TRAINS BETWEEN NEWYORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On and after June 11th a new express train will leave Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets, New York, for New Brunswick, Trenton and Philadelphia, at 12:30 p. m. week days, arriving in Philadelphia at 2:47 p. m. A Pennsylvania Railroad parlor-car will be attached to this train.

On and after the same date a new express will leave Philadelphia at 1:40 p. m. daily, and arrive in New York 4 p. m. This latter is a new fast train from St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago, which will leave St. Louis at 8:10 a. m., Cincinnati 4:25 p. m., Chicago 10 a. m., and arrive in New York next afternoon.

Under this new arrangement the Fast Line leaving New York at 9 a. m. for Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo and St. Louis will carry a dining-car from Philadelphia to Altoona, in which lunch and dinner, or dinner and supper, will be served—a feature which will be appreciated by through passengers.

ADD 20 drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS to every glass of impure water you drink.

Burnett's Cocaine is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A SPLENDID TOUR BY PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

AMONG the great natural wonders of America the Caverns of Luray and the Natural Bridge of Virginia stand in the foremost rank; the battlefield of Gettysburg is unquestionably the most interesting battleground in the world; the historic City of Richmond, and the handsome capital of the Union, are among the most attractive cities of the land. The Pennsylvania tour of June 30th embraces all these points in its itinerary, and guarantees to the tourists ample time to see all their beauties in the most comfortable manner, under the guidance of an experienced tourist agent. It is a rare opportunity for ten days of most instructive sightseeing. Such a trip through the beautiful section it traverses would be a delightful experience even if the other features were withdrawn.

The climate of the mountains of Virginia is very fine at this season. Round-trip tickets, including, besides the railway fare, meals en route, board and lodging at the hotels, carriage hire, transfer charges, and every necessary traveling expense, will be sold from New York at \$50 for adults and \$42 for children, and from Philadelphia at \$48 for adults and \$41 for children. The tour will be conducted by the Company's Tourist Agent, assisted by the Chaplain. The party will reach home on the return trip on June 29th.

For itineraries and full information call at ticket offices, or address S. W. F. Draper, Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York.

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TO NERVOUS MEN.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, with full directions for home-treatment), send ten cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Dyspepsia distresses and disables thousands of people who might as well be hearty and happy if they would take

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BUT BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE RIGHT ARTICLE

This Great Remedy, which has been used by physicians for nearly half a century,

speedily brings to the dyspeptic

ROYAL RELIEF.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

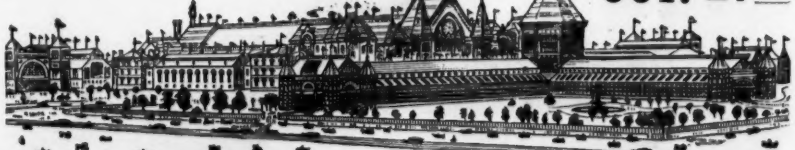
PURIFIES AS WELL AS BEAUTIFIES the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and detects detection. It has stood the test of 37 years, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 48 Bond St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Beware of Base imitations. \$1.00 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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Massapoag Lake House.

Located in the centre of a beautiful grove of one hundred acres, and near the most charming lake in the East. Only 30 minutes' ride from Boston via Boston and Providence R. R. Open June 14th. Send for descriptive circular.

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ONLY FOR

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

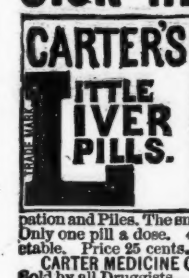


Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

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Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Props, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

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Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it; hence the increased demand for Alteratives. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity, of the Blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

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above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned."—J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas.

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